THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VII | New York, Wednesday, February 22, 1928 | Number 16

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TO MEN OF GOOD-WILL

WE BELIEVE the situation in Mexico to be characterized definitely, at the present moment, by political and economic factors of unusual importance. The religious struggle continues, but it is now not the only matter demanding immediate settlement. During recent weeks the strength of revolutionary uprisings throughout the country has increased to an extent which holds the attention of informed observers within and without Mexico. The financial problems which the Calles government faces also clamor for a satisfactory solution; and there is plenty of reason for thinking that Mr. Morrow will take a hand in settling them, on the basis of assurances that investments will be guaranteed by a state of "good-will" arrived at between the Mexican government and its subjects. Thus the various aspects of the Calles adventure are now knotted together into one malady, the remedy for which is justice and peace. To what extent the people of the United States can help in applying this remedy is a question of the greatest importance. Opposed as they are to military intervention, knowing as they do the inevitable evils of revolution, destiny and precedent combine to render them co-responsible for the possible revival of Mexican civilization.

No apology is necessary for naming the religious struggle in the same breath with political and economic conditions. From the beginning this struggle has been the direct outcome of certain measures taken by the Calles régime to promote its interests—measures which were not merely utterly wrong but also hopelessly mistaken, as events have proved. Catholics have, of course, sought to regain their rights on a strictly legal and ethical basis. They have not been revolutionists as a body, and most of the "rebellious" effort in Mexico has carried on quite independently of them. But American citizens, listening to this plea for justice, cannot help seeing that it is at the same time a vital part of any program to restore order to chaotic Mexico. Political peace, democratic government, financial security, there must be. But into each and every one of these things the religious question enters most essentially. It must be disposed of before, or as, the other problems are disposed of. Mr. Morrow, acting merely as the representative of American government, would have to request that it be discussed openly and sanely. But as the spokesman of a nation which still stands—we feel sure—by its desire to see life lived lawfully and tolerantly, Mr. Morrow cannot avoid seeing religious persecution as a harrowing fact, on every side.

We here have appealed to the citizens of this country to stand with their ambassador and view things as

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they are. In making this appeal we have certainly been far from attempting to stir up martial ardor or encourage imperialistic ambition. These points of view we have opposed as resolutely as we have known how to oppose them. But in the effort to gain a hearing for the truth about the Mexican religious situation we have summoned up all our own force and have tried to enlist whatever assistance was available. It is a pleasure to notice that this help from what we shall term the "outside" (only for the sake of making a distinction) grows larger with each day. To enumerate the individuals and organizations pledging themselves to sponsor a "frank and open consideration of the facts" would be to crowd this space with names. Taken together they indicate that the task of organizing a "commission" to investigate the religious situation in Mexico will be easy when the appropriate moment comes to do so. There are now so many societies which have experience in the complex task of promoting good-will and justice, that it ought not to prove very difficult to treat the present problem sanely.

It is perhaps more salutary and interesting to examine the comment made by the non-Catholic religious press on the suggestion to form such a "commission." The Christian Register, Dr. Albert Dieffenbach's journal, endorses the idea and compares it favorably with the body of investigators sent to Roumania. It is conscious of the difficulties involved, but remains hopeful and declares that it "would give as much strength for the defense of our Catholic friends, and in fact all Catholic people who have need of us, as we would to our own; because with us there is no ultimate and fundamental distinction in the children of humanity or the children of God." This spirit, we may say in passing, we have never doubted or questioned. And it is good to see it reaffirmed in the statement: "If the people's 'voice is not heard because it is strangled by the censorship of the press, and by restrictive measures against individuals and groups as severe as any ever employed by tyrants anywhere at any time,' we want to know that and condemn it." The Christian Century approves the proposal to establish such a "commission," even if it professes strong convictions that facts would be difficult to arrive at. The Living Church, a western Episcopal organ, likewise declares that it "would welcome such an inquiry," even though it utilizes the occasion to wax very critical of "Rome."

Such criticism, when couched in phrases which doubt the innocence of the Mexican Church or the readiness of Catholics here to discuss facts impartially, we do not resent. Indeed we had hoped that our appeal would induce non-Catholics to come out frankly with what is on their minds regarding Mexico, and so explain the seeming indifference which has been maintained by Christian America toward a great persecution. Is the Church in Mexico responsible for its present plight? The answer to that question can only be obtained by resolutely examining the evidence. This in turn is not feared by us. Indeed, the "commission" we propose is one the impartiality of which will be questioned by no citizen in his right mind; and we know that the Catholics who become members of it must be men whose integrity and research ability will stand every kind of test. What have we to fear? The point is surely not that we must prove every member, every priest even, of the Mexican Church to have been a saint. All we seek is this: to place before the people of the United States evidence they cannot doubt, gathered by men in whom they have confidence, to show what have really been the labors, the sufferings and the demands of Christianity in Mexico.

It seems inconceivable to us, however, that anybody at all conscious of human history and not blinded by prejudice, could say in the off-hand manner of the Living Church such things as these: "If Mexico is 90 percent Roman Catholic, it is also 90 percent illiterate. The Church never tried to educate or to elevate its people, and the present condition is the inevitable result. Why do not American Catholics address themselves to the undoubted abuses that have disgraced their religion in Mexico?" We hold these remarks incredibly biased, simply because their author seems to take it for granted that a great Christian institution —whose services historians of every quality eulogize, however remote they may remain from allegiance to it—has done nothing but evil in Mexico, while a definitely non-Christian movement (professedly anti-religious and anti-traditional) has accomplished all that is good. If that be true after five hundred years of Christianity in Mexico, why is the editor of the Living Church trying to be a Christian in the United States? From the historical point of view we recommend for his consideration just one fact. The people of Mexico have left a record of achievement in the arts, in education, in the several activities of social charity. Surely it is wise to look into that carefully and sincerely before expressing one's mind on the subject.

We rejoice in the fact that we have been able to bring these opinions—which look like prejudices to us—out into the open. Far be it from us to upbraid the men who hold them. Nothing could be more certain, nothing more disastrous, than the unfamiliarity with Mexican conditions which prevails in the United States. We confess that it was only the present dire calamity which interested us, as Catholic men, in the situation. But we do hold that the stability of our civilization, and of Christendom in particular, lies in the readiness of men of good-will to scrutinize their opinions, to refashion them if necessary, and to act so that right may prevail in the largest measure possible upon the earth. To such men we now propose nothing more than calm and generous consideration of a debate which has been written in blood and sacrifice, and round which the doom of a neighbor people has well-nigh been decided in these days.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

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United States: $5.00 Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

IF THE investigation of Teapot Dome details progresses very much longer at the present rate, practically every United States citizen will have borne witness to something or other. During the past weeks legal talent has demonstrated that in going off at a tangent to explore the charge of jury shadowing in the Sinclair trial, the court stepped into a blind alley from which egress seems virtually impossible. To date nobody has proved anything regarding the problem to anybody else's satisfaction; and meanwhile the major issue is being enshrined in dry rot. The Senate Committee, faithful as ever to withering adjectives, sat soberly exploring the ignorance of Mr. Taber and sundry others. And as for the trial of Colonel Stewart, no greater display of "nothing doing" is conceivable. The Colonel is patently a reticent gentleman with no desire to write a candid autobiography just yet. Obviously it would be unfair to inscribe over this canny adventure in plutocracy the caption, "Stealth and stealing." Business deals have acquired a quality of looking like hands which are reinforced from up a sleeve. The whole Teapot Dome business will, eventually, be regarded as nothing more than one of numberless manoeuvres for the possession of natural resources. That the government happened to be involved in this one is probably as much the result of alarmist and chauvinistic propaganda as of sinister greed.

CRITICISM of the latest scheme to outlaw the submarine, drafted by Representative Louis A. Frothingham, of Massachusetts, and already endorsed by Secretary Kellogg, is not likely to be delayed. It is no part of our business to suggest some of the forms this criticism will take. However as we spoke upon the subject more than a year ago, at the time of a somewhat similar crusade, initiated by Lady Astor, it will do no harm to repeat some of the opinions expressed then, especially as we believe them to be shared by many humane and responsible persons not a whit behind Mr. Frothingham or Lady Astor in their hatred of naval frightfulness. We believed then, and still believe, that no campaign against under-water war craft would be respectable or reasonable which sought to have them considered apart from the general question of naval armament, and that any effort to attach special odium to the submarine, made by naval powers which have sought for supremacy through bulk, would carry its own clear and instructive implication.

THE submarine, we noted, was the logical answer to the super-dreadnought. That it happens to be comparatively cheap, and renders the risk of naval construction on a big scale a double jeopardy, hardly touches the ethical aspects of the problem. Upon whom does responsibility for the situation that has developed mainly rest? Upon the group of stronger powers who have used their wealth and resources to construct and arm fleets, a single item in which would exhaust the annual naval budget of a weaker brother? Or upon the weaker brother, who finds the economical weapon that invention has put into his hands threatened with outlawry, and may well ask himself in whose interests the self-denying ordinance is demanded? We ask these questions not in any spirit of captiousness but merely because, in no report of the new crusade we have yet seen is there any sign that the submarine is being considered in its relation to naval warfare generally, or as anything save an isolated horror to be extirpated, leaving all others in statu quo ante. Perhaps some restriction of cruising radius, leaving the submarine as a defense but robbing it of its power to prey upon commerce, would remove the strongest argument against the new weapon. But we have so little faith in any such panacea that we are half ashamed as we suggest it. War upon war, comprehensively and honestly carried out, is the real specific. Anything less, anything, especially, upon which the suspicion of enlightened selfishness seems to rest, is as discreditable as the manoeuvering for position that labels itself diplomacy.

LAST week we commented upon the rapidly accumulating evidence to show that unemployment is widespread throughout the country. Further importance is given the subject by the request of Governor Smith to the New York Welfare Council for information regarding the number of those out of work in the metropolis and its environs. The Governor suggests that the program of public works could be arranged so as to provide bread tickets for a good many of the

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needy. From the Council's point of view it is desirable to make such an investigation at this time, although a careful abstention from talk about a "crisis" is imperative. Such talk always has its effect upon industry, which now sees in the workingman a purchaser as well as a producer, and so tends to accomplish the very opposite of what it sets out to do. We believe the Council will find conditions similar to those which seem to prevail generally—no marked slump in production or marketing, but a gradual tendency toward retrenchment. The weakness of the agricultural industry and the marked trend away from the farms has had its inevitable effect upon the nation as a whole. Public works can afford, at best, only a temporary remedy, but perhaps it is well to think of using that in times which seem to provide no better palliative.

THERE is much comforting reading in the report summarizing the work done at the Lausanne Conference for Faith and Order. However impassible may be the gulf between the positions drawn up by various forms of Protestantism and the organic tradition of the Catholic faith, one cannot doubt that both are destined, for a long time to come, to influence the world in the name of Christ. It is good to hear the prayer, "God give us, both as individuals and as Churches, wisdom and courage to do His will." Though we cannot see how there can be unity of faith without uniformity of expression, which the report urges as a principle making for coöperation between varied creeds, any common emphasis upon "essentials agreed upon" is good in so far as it prevents bickering and tends to offset further anarchical division. Unfortunately many of the bitterest struggles in religious history—for instance the discussion of the two celebrated Greek words—have grown up around differences of expression which, in the final analysis, implied differences of faith. Even so, the report's appeal to join "without regard to denominational differences" in the celebration of "the sacrament of the Lord's Supper" is an indication that many are turning from the liberalistic discussion out of which new species of dissension are bound to grow, toward dogmatic fundamentals which are timeless because they were incorporated once and for all in Revelation.

WRITING, as he says, "not in the spirit of indignant condemnation, but with the consciousness of the bond of our common faith," Father Francis J. Haas of Saint Francis Seminary and Marquette University has addressed a prominent Catholic manufacturer on the subject of his refusal to permit his employees to remain members of a trade union. The letter, which is made public by the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, reminds the employer that the agreement which he would force all his workmen to sign is in direct contravention of the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, promulgated in 1891, which established the right of collective bargaining as one rooted in human nature. It is unfortunate that a letter such as this should have to be sent to any Catholic employer, but it is decidedly heartening to find that when the necessity for protest was clear, there was one Catholic priest who regarded the voicing of it as a duty which should be performed in charity and courtesy. In a day when collective bargaining has been almost universally accepted, it is distressing to hear of a Catholic employer ranging himself with the handful of reactionaries who imagine they are stronger than human nature.

FEBRUARY, named by the hierarchy as Catholic press month and dedicated to the work of increasing the circulation of Catholic publications, finds many of the weeklies in all parts of the country in a state of unusual prosperity. The many special offerings of the N. C. W. C. News Service, supplementing its regular correspondence, have given added value as well as wider interest to the various diocesan organs, and this is evident in the increased volume of advertising they display. The one Catholic daily printed in English, the Daily American Tribune of Dubuque, Iowa, has maintained the excellent standards which it set when it was established, and promises to expand with the new year. The undertaking has been one of struggle, valiantly continued, but it seems certain now that the rewards are in sight. They have been deserved, for the Daily American Tribune has not only been a force, editorially, since its foundation, but in selection and display of news it has been worthy of the best traditions of Catholic journalism.

ANYBODY who desires to observe Washington's birthday earnestly this year has his choice of ways in which to do it. He may cling to the hallowed view that our first President was a gentleman, a gifted soldier and a noteworthy patriot. He may veer to the opinion that he was a "jolly good fellow," whose conception of life was sufficiently individualistic to permit having what was, relatively, a good time. Finally, he may feast his cynical soul on the belief that Washington was really a great deal smaller than he used to seem to generations of hero lovers. Any one of these convictions can be fortified by resorting to the carload of books which have appeared on the subject during the past year. The authors of these are profoundly hostile to one another. Indeed more than one has grown so warm in contemplation of his (or her) theme that the temperature of his (or her) epithets has been jolted amazingly askew of normal. We confess that the whole consignment has introduced no radical modification into our personal view of the hero of Valley Forge. Nor is this our conservatism at all unusual, very likely. The number of theses printed for their authors' own satisfaction grows larger daily. The popular view of a man like Washington abides for the simple reason that it is not personal, demonstrated in detail, or belligerently one-sided. It exists because a

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great many folks, looking at the same figure, have seen the same thing. In the case of the father of his country this thing is a courage stout and intelligent enough to have molded revolutionary colonists first into a fighting force and then into a governing body. All else is subsidiary, and only a few will ever take the trouble to look at it closely.

SIGRID UNDSET, the first volume of whose newer trilogy is reviewed in this issue of The Commonweal, crowds her books with a wealth of precious lore about the Norwegian past. It seems, however, that her personal experiences are destined to throw a considerable amount of weird light upon the present constitution of her country. Having petitioned the government for the right to purchase a small piece of land near to the ruined monastery on the island of Selje, she met with refusal because the authorities of the state church objected to her presence on the ground that she had become a Roman Catholic. They appear to have been convinced that she was inoculated with something like a contagious disease, against the inroads of which the local pastor himself would not be proof. Who knows but they may have been right! One hopes charitably, however, that the greatest living novelist of her race will not meet with successive mandates constraining her to keep out of public places, to wear a veil plunged into disinfectants, and ultimately to stay in a house which has a placard over the door announcing a quarantine. The incident does not, however, call for consideration on the part of the Roumanian investigators or some similar body. A host of Norwegians have regarded it with feelings ranging from amusement to scorn; and it is not altogether improbable that the result of such petty activities may some time be that the monastery of Selje will revert to its former status.

THE question whether the use of raw milk is chiefly responsible for frequent epidemics of milk-borne disease in rural districts, which has held the attention of the medical profession in recent years, appears to have been answered in the affirmative by a survey conducted by the American Child Health Association. The report of this survey, published recently, deals with conditions observed in 142 small towns in three states and one Canadian province. Of these, 117 gave information on the pasteurization of milk within their borders—ninety-seven reporting that they had no pasteurization. Even among those which reported pasteurization, none showed more than 90 percent of their milk supply so treated. Reports received from sixty-one cities of over 100,000 population show a startling contrast, for while none of them is able to announce 100 percent pasteurization, thirty of the sixty-one show pasteurization of 90 percent, or over, of their supply. The Child Health Association found that in eighty-six cities of from 40,000 to 70,000 population, more attention was being paid to matters of sanitation than to other health activities; nevertheless, only twenty in this group pasteurized over 90 percent of their milk supply. Even those whose knowledge of the milk situation is casual will be inclined to agree with the conclusion of the Association, that while most American communities have safe water supplies, most of them need to secure safer milk supplies.

MUSING over the strange shapes of hatred, malice and intolerance that have grown up from the Volstead law, Mr. John Erskine grows dismal. It is painful to see the man who has told us so many pleasantly improbable things about Galahad, Helen of Troy and other prominent persons take to head-shaking and blue spectacles. But he concludes an excellent article in the New York Herald Tribune on Prohibition and Crime by saying gloomily: "Something of the Christian spirit has come to an end. Therefore, we can feel comfortable in poisoning the stuff which we have reason to think many of our fellows are too weak to let alone." It is not correct to say that "we" poison non-poisonous alcohol and then prohibit chemists from informing the purchaser of it that he will be in danger if he drinks it. It is only some of us who present this melancholy proof of the extent to which fanaticism will foster the persecuting spirit. There have always been some of us who would persecute non-conformists to death. The Wayne Wheelers are neither worse nor more numerous than the Torquemadas, the John Calvins, the John Endicotts and the earlier prohibitionists of one thing or another. Nothing of the Christian spirit "has come to an end." The Christian spirit is more rugged than Mr. Erskine knows.

IN AN article published several weeks ago in The Commonweal on the work of the missioner in China, Marie L. Darrach conveyed the idea that while Protestant mission work had been seriously disrupted by the civil war in that country, the Catholic stations had suffered comparatively little at the hands of the soldiery. Whether this implication was intentional or not, there are indications that it is not justified by facts. For instance, the preface to Les Missions de Chine et du Japon, the 1927 issue of which has recently been published by the Lazarist Press of Pekin, draws a very different picture. It asserts that while Europe is rejoicing over the naming of the new Chinese bishops, many of the missions are being overrun by the contending armies and in some cases members of the flocks have been impressed. "Since the establishment of the republic," says the editor, M. J. M. Planchet, "civil war has continued until it has reached the dimensions of an epidemic. Until recently, however, it was localized and to an extent limited. But for more than a year past, winter and summer, masses of soldiers, armed with modern weapons, have engaged one another, requisitioning, pillaging and burning as they marched. This state of affairs is so general that it has been impossible to keep track of all the Christians who have been victims of these conditions."

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THE Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell, president of Saint Stephen's College, is always an impressive and interesting speaker, but occasionally he is really one of those "captains of faith" whom one longs to see rising in numbers for the illumining of the people. Writing in the American Church Monthly for February, he has this to say: "The way toward Jesus is the way toward any other person. One first approaches Him with the heart, giving Him honor, worship, beauty, silence. One must love before one can understand. Once this affection has begun, on the basis of what love reveals one may, and indeed if honest must, begin intellectually to examine, seeking with the mind to discover what He is Who is beloved. All the reason may work freely upon this new data discovered by the heart. Finally, if the whole process is to mean anything vital, there will follow the willing of that which has been found in him. The complete process and no less is Christianity as it has been to the saints and seers and struggling seekers of every generation. Through it they have discovered something of that which is beyond the senses and something of what constitutes human destiny. If only this could be understood by those who now sit most dolefully, even wistfully, in the seats of the scornful, there might be less of ignorance to hear and read. There might, perhaps, be less despair. There might be heard in the distance some faint beginning of the sound of a bugle, summoning the ready world to glad adventure."

DRAMA OF THE SOUL

LITTLE by little Christian forces are managing to exert a positive influence upon modern drama. It is seen that, considering the temper of the present-day mind, little can be hoped for from resolutions to put the stage under lock and key—to prevent people from going to see what is not good for them. Such negative methods are, of course, valuable, but they can be really successful only when abstention is entirely voluntary. How, then, is the theatre to become the mouthpiece of Christian culture, in a time when (despite so much that is merely materialistic and morbid) there exists a deep hunger for spiritual realities?

Considerable information on the French Catholic theatre has recently been brought to the attention of English readers. Perhaps it may also be worth while to hear something of contemporary effort in Germany, which is now justly proud of its Christian stage. The following comment is by Father Friedrich Muckermann, S. J., universally regarded as the most significant of living German Jesuit critics. We call attention to the interesting reference to Eleanora Duse with which his remarks conclude:

"When German Catholics took no great part in cultural efforts, they were interested in a sort of club theatricals. The journeymen unions, the labor unions, all liked to enliven their festivities with a play. It is just possible that among the pieces acted on such occasions there may have been one or two plays of artistic value; but, in general, amusement was the one thing sought for, not the drama of poetical worth. But little by little things have undergone a change. The clubs and unions still continue to produce plays, but their performances improve steadily.

"The Calderon Society, which flourished in Munich and in Berlin, has had a large share in this improvement. Prominently associated with it was Father Expeditus Schmidt, of the Order of Saint Francis, an expert in everything connected with the drama. Calderon has always been admired and cherished in Germany; it is well known that Goethe said poetry could be restored from the works of this Spanish genius, even if all else had been lost entirely to the world. Not many years ago stage companies traveled through Germany which acted with great success such plays of Calderon as The Mysteries of Holy Mass. Frequently Protestants were enthusiastic spectators at these performances.

"Later on, Catholic endeavors were focused in the 'Bühnenvolksbund,' where we worked conjointly with other Christian persuasions. This Bühnenvolksbund gathers, in its publishing house, the best (Catholic) writers and enables them to have their plays printed. Bachmann, Felner, Herwig, Weinrich, Schaumann, Weismantel and many others have been readily welcomed there. The Bund has formed, secondly, a large Christian Theatrical Association, which has thousands of members in many towns and can exercise great influence on the prominent theatres. Such associations propose certain Christian plays, which are then acted before their members, who form a private audience. Naturally an undertaking of this kind has to encounter many difficulties in times when the Christian influence on literature is not particularly vigorous, but its success is great and its aims so lofty that the state also gives its assistance to this union. At present Leo Weismantel is best known among our dramtic poets. His Dance of Death has achieved a wide success, and his poetical works are admired not only by Catholics but throughout all Germany.

"The present times are characterized by the theatrical endeavors of our young Catholic generation. They are intimately connected with the mystery play, which has become known to the whole civilized world through the representations at Oberammergau. But besides this they cultivate also amateur performances of the secular drama. This young generation strives to return to living nature and the primeval forces of religion. They wish to break through the prison walls of factories, big towns and organizations, and to enjoy God's beautiful creation in happiness and freedom. This gives birth, of course, to a state of mind favoring the kind of play that praises the new human community and desires to express it. Their endeavors as to dancing are governed by a similar spirit, and these dances always mirror the wonderful maze of the stars that circle above us, peaceful and luminous, a lesson

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and a joy to mankind. In the 'Quickborn' (the Catholic juvenile movement) plays of this type enjoy particular favor. Acting here goes hand in hand with the renewal of ancient songs and folk-dances. This amateur acting is not intended to supersede the theatre of cultural society, but strives to feed it with new forces and gradually to rebuild it internally.

"Thus the Catholics of Germany are working to imbue the stage, which long ago had its origin in the mystery plays of the Church, with at least the spirit of religion. Their work cannot be described more finely than in the words which Eleanora Duse, the Italian actress of world-wide fame, and one of the greatest atresses of all time, uttered shortly before she died: 'You see,' said she, 'before I leave this world forever, I should like, by my art and for my art, to raise myself to the greatest heights, to sacred themes, even to the life of the mystery play itself. The theatre sprang from the Church. I cherish some slight wish that, through my efforts, it may some day return thither.' "

THAT NINETY PERCENT

ONE of the difficulties experienced in attempting to present to the American people a picture of the persecution of Catholics in Mexico, which Pope Pius XI has asserted is the worst in all history, is that of perspective. The average citizen of the United States looks at Mexico City much as he would look at Kansas City: he cannot conceive that there can be a great deal of difference. Kansas City, where they have elections, has also had bosses at certain periods of its history. Mexico City, where they likewise have elections, has a boss at the present time and his name is Plutarco Elias Calles. He would not be the boss, says the average citizen, if the majority of the Mexican people did not want him: and as 90 percent of the people of Mexico are Catholics, it is evident that the Catholics approve the murders and robberies which he instigates in the name of the state.

This point of view is held by many intelligent and some well-educated Americans. It was expressed recently by the distinguished editor of the Christian Register, who, after enumerating many "almost incredible" assumptions of authority by the state over the Church, reached the conclusion that these things could not have been done without the consent of the people "virtually all of whom are themselves Roman Catholics."

It is true they have elections in Mexico City. Every dictator since Diaz has seen to that; and each of these successors of the old dictator has followed his plan of seeing that the soldiers are directed "to drop a few voting papers in the ballot boxes, lest they should be found empty."

This method of holding an election, so entirely different to that followed in some American cities, where the great difficulty is sometimes to prevent too many ballots being cast into the boxes, is described by Viscount Bryce in the latest edition of Modern Democracies, published a little more than six years ago. It might be profitable for Dr. Dieffenbach and others whose assumptions in regard to Mexican conditions are almost as strange as those of President Calles in regard to the authority of the state, to peruse the chapters of Lord Bryce's book which refer to conditions in the Spanish-American countries, and particularly the sections treating of Mexico. Here, for example, is a paragraph which they might ponder to their profit:

"It is one of the oddest instances of the power of a word that the less educated, and even many of the more educated persons among free nations, especially in the United States, have continued to believe them [certain Spanish-American countries, among them Mexico, placed in the lowest class] to be, because they are called 'republics,' entitled to a confidence and sympathy which would not be given to a military tyranny under any other name."

After showing how a nominally elective presidency became a dictatorship and how the dictator passed into a usurper, ruling and compelled to rule by force, so that those who attacked him by force, with or without justification, could claim a title little worse than his own, Lord Bryce remarks:

"The very conception of power de jure had no time to spring up and establish itself in the popular mind, for all power was de facto only . . . To create afresh that idea of obedience to duly constituted authority which is essential to a democracy was a slow process in a population a large part of which was in every state ignorant and in some barbarous."

This is a sad state of affairs, but more sad than strange to those who stop to consider what material was to be used in making "free republics," with self-governing institutions.

"The very notion of establishing a government by the votes of citizens and controlling the action of a legislature and an executive by holding the representatives responsible for the use they might make of their power, was not within the horizon of the vast bulk of the colonial subjects of Spain, much less could they work the elaborate machinery of two legislative houses with an elected president and his ministers. In such circumstances, power inevitably fell to the executive head, the person whom the people could see and to whom belonged the command of the army."

There rests the power in Mexico today—in the executive head, Plutarco Elias Calles, general as well as President and commander of an army that does his bidding without question. That army does not, as some confiding souls in the United States appear to think, obtain the consent of the people "virtually all of whom are themselves Roman Catholics," when it is ordered to murder priests and despoil sanctuaries. It is "almost incredible" that writers and teachers of the intelligence of the editor of the esteemed Christian Register should believe it does.

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A CHINESE ALLIANCE

By MARIE L. DARRACH

VERY little interest was taken in the news which reached this country last July, that General Chiang Kai-shek had resigned as Commander-in-chief of the Nationalist army. Although he is the most imposing military figure that China has produced in a generation, his abrupt retirement as leader of the revolutionary forces was scarcely noted. Even those who are ordinarily interested in international affairs dismissed Chiang Kai-shek as just one more of those Chinese generals with an unpronounceable name, who had been mixed up in the latest revolution. A suggestion that he had displayed only natural human caution in abdicating when the tide of battle turned against him, because he preferred to die comfortably at home in bed instead of being executed with his boots on, provoked no protest from chance admirers of the young military genius. And any comment that he had resigned his command with an unusually dramatic gesture, in a 75,000 word document of explanation and had withdrawn for meditation to a Buddhist monastery could never be developed into a discussion, but was effectively wet-blanketed by the bored exclamation "Well, what of it?" This indifference to a really momentous event in oriental affairs was explained only by the fact that, to an American who has never seen one, nothing seems so absolutely remote as a Chinese general.

But with the news of Chiang Kai-shek's marriage in December the attention of the public has been suddenly riveted upon him, and in any group in which the wedding is introduced as a topic of conversation, there is an evident desire to clear up some of the haziness surrounding Chinese generals. So it is probably only because more people are interested in domestic relations than in foreign policies, and that all the world loves a romance whether the participants are next door neighbors or dwellers in the celestial empire which for twenty years has been struggling to become the Chinese republic, that the present curiosity about him has been stimulated. At any rate General Chiang Kai-shek's wedding is being noted with interest in many quarters.

First to be enumerated, of course, are the movie fans, who know little and care less about Chiang's relations with the Kaomintang (Nationalist party) or how it will be affected by his alliance with the Soong family. But they have waited with marked impatience for the arrival of the films made of the ceremony which would confirm the marvelous word pictures of its magnificence sent by the newspaper correspondents from Shanghai. Then there were a number of details in the cabled despatches which were arresting to those who might not be at all moved by the pictorial splendors registered by the camera. Chiang Kai-shek has become more comprehensible to readers of current events since they have learned that his bride, Mei Ling Soong, is a Wellesley graduate and a Christian with many friends in the United States, who speaks English fluently and who is one of the most modern girls in China. Again those who have been speculating about the recent proposal of Protestantized Chinese to establish an indigenous church as a result of the religious problem precipitated by their controversy with the missionaries, have found food for thought in another item in the cables. That a Methodist-Episcopal service united them, even though Chiang had never given up the Confucian faith of his forefathers nor the polygamous customs of his ancestors, furnishes an unusual slant on the question of mixed marriages in China. A high light was also added for the student observing the rapid change in China's social structure and the passing of her traditional customs. That Mei Ling, whose ancestors for generations have been distinguished members of the "scholar" class which still holds itself haughtily aloof from the one that fights the country's battles, has chosen for her husband a soldier of humble birth, risen to the rank of a Generalissimo, is a significant indication of an achieved modernity in China. The motion pictures also confirm this casting off of tradition when they show the bride wearing a white wedding gown (the color the Chinese have always dedicated to mourning.)

That the union will have a direct bearing on the future military activities of General Chiang Kai-shek is certain, as it has already returned him to supreme command the Nationalist army. And that his "offensive" in the spring will create an interesting situation with the foreign powers seems probable to anyone who spent last year in southern China when Chiang was Commander-in-chief of the Cantonese troops.

I saw him in March, on one of the most spectacular occasions connected with the fall of the Chinese city of Shanghai. Removed by only the length of a room, the colossal remoteness which ordinarily obscures Chinese generals fell away. The mythical military giant of my imagination gave place to a snappy well-groomed army officer who, but for a few details of insignia, might have been a West Pointer.

Even measured by western standards of good looks, Chiang is handsome, and in spite of his humble origin his small, delicate hands are those of an aristocrat. He is tall, slender and youthful appearing for his forty years. His eyes under heavy brows are keen. He has a finely featured face with a strong mouth and chin. His photographs usually show him with a smiling countenance, but the day I saw him he was sullen and sulky. That he has a keen mind is quickly sensed; there is a suggestion of alertness beneath his oriental calm; and he talks with a kind of controlled speed

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which gives one the impression that he is a quick thinker rather than merely a fast talker.

Chiang Kai-shek's arrival at Shanghai from Wuhu on a Chinese man-of-war gave me my first glimpse of the Generalissimo, as he was called before his break with the Cantonese Nationalists. His gunboat was escorted by several others crowded with soldiers; he was welcomed by a resplendent Chinese admiral commanding the naval forces and made an impressive landing at Kiochgmia. His motor car was then driven with difficulty through the streets of the International Settlement which had been barricaded a few days before, when the Chinese city, just outside the wall, had fallen into the hands of the Cantonese. Every highway was filled with barbed-wire entrenchments and sandbag defenses, and Chiang Kai-shek arrived at the Chinese Bureau of Foreign Affairs at the extreme end of the French Concession in a furious temper. He announced almost immediately that he would give an interview to the fourteen correspondents of the foreign press.

When we arrived we were received by the Chinese Commissioner of Foreign Affairs who acted as interpreter. Chiang's well-armed body-guard was on duty in the adjacent room and hallway as we were ushered into his presence. Youthful Cantonese recruits were being drilled on the lawn outside the building, during the interview. Thirty thousand Cantonese troops were encamped around the International Settlement, and there had been a monster demonstration of Communist labor agitators at the west gate that very afternoon. So, as one of the inadequately protected Americans in Shanghai at the moment, I was not so sure that there would not be a rendezvous in a graveyard for most of us shortly. (This is not quite as gruesome as it sounds—only that our official order from the consul had been that all Americans were to mobilize in a nearby cemetery if the city were attacked.)

Although Chiang Kai-shek speaks Russian, German, French and Japanese fluently, he gave no indication on this occasion that English was also one of the languages in which he could be emphatically vocal. He snapped out his disapproval of the foreign powers for the insulting display of defense he had just seen on his ride through Shanghai, in a staccato clatter of Chinese words which reminded me hauntingly of a steam riveter in far away New York. What he said was eased gracefully through the lips of the interpreter, however, and was obviously restored to diplomatic verbiage in the passing. For transmission to the world through the press it was translated by the Chinese Commissioner into the suavest English to which I have ever listened.

It was exactly as if an enraged small boy had yelled with no careful selection of words, "Get off that fence," and his diplomatic father had hurriedly assured you that what he had said was—"Please don't climb up on that fence, we are so afraid you may hurt yourself." Nevertheless Chiang Kai-shek persists in my memory as a remarkable personality. As I recall him, he was rather splendid facing that group of alien journalists, in his smart khaki uniform and shiny black puttees with his legs crossed and his arms folded, rapping out his defiance of the foreign powers he was addressing through the press.

Chiang was born in the village of Fengwha in Kiangsu about a hundred miles south of Shanghai, where his father was a shop-keeper. His origin is obscure and his early life was filled with poverty and struggle. His father died when he was a baby and his mother intended that he should be a merchant. But the life of an apprentice wearied him and he ran away to serve in a menial capacity in the army. He was entirely without education, being unable to write his own name. Even now his cultural attainments are meagre and wholly self-acquired. His diligence and determination to obtain what learning he could, however, resulted in his gaining a place in the military examinations and then a provincial scholarship in the newly established military academy at Chili, where General Yuan Shi Kai (who became the first President of the Republic of China) was building up an army on modern lines. Chiang graduated from this military school with honors and in 1906 was sent by the Manchurian government to Japan where he entered the Imperial College at Tokyo. He remained in Japan till the outbreak of the Chinese revolution in 1911. Coming back to Shanghai with hundreds of other enthusiastic young revolutionists he assembled a brigade and became its commander. He drilled and disciplined his soldiers and then led them in a punitive expedition against President Yua Shi Kai when that ambitious official attempted to crown himself Emperor of China.

He then went to Canton and was appointed Chief of Staff to the Commander of the Nationalist forces. An opportunity to distinguish himself soon came when Chen Chung Ming, the Minister of War in the Southern Administration, ousted Dr. Sun Yet Sen from Canton. Chiang with an army of 10,000 men captured Waichon, the only supposedly impregnable walled city in the republic, routed Chen Chung Ming's troops, as well as the forces of the radicals at Hankow, and forced Chen himself to flee the country.

Chiang Kai-shek then went to Moscow to study modern military tactics. On his return he was commissioned by Dr. Sun Yet Sen to reorganize the Canton army and was also made principal of the Whampoa Military Academy.

Two years ago he led the anti-northern expeditionary army northward, driving the enemy before him and scattering the forces of General Wu Pei Fu which had been considered invincible.

From that time until the middle of last March he led the Nationalist troops in the field against the Militarists from the North in a series of victorious campaigns which culminated in the capture of the Chinese city of Shanghai adjoining the International Settlement on March 21. The attack on Nankin on March 24

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which finally aroused the world, and for which the Nationalist leaders in command of the Cantonese forces were blamed, led to a controversy between Chiang Kai-shek and the radical wing of the Sun Yet Sen group at Canton which represented the Communistic faction of the Koumintang. In April, scarcely three weeks after I had seen Chiang Kai-shek in Shanghai acting as spokesman for the Canton Nationalists, the Orient—including Japan and Russia—was startled by the news that he had separated from the Canton government, repudiated the Communist leaders dominated by the Russian, Borodin, and declared himself commander of the conservative wing of the Koumintang. He was denounced as a traitor by the Cantonese, but financed by Chinese bankers in Shanghai, and with at least the moral support of the distracted foreigners in the International Settlement, he began smashing the red organization. He established a new Nationalist capital in Nankin and housed his headquarters and troops in the university buildings, hospitals and homes from which the missionaries had been driven on March 24. For a time he carried on a victorious campaign against the troops from the North as well as the forces of the Cantonese. But toward the end of June he began to lose ground steadily, and in July he abruptly terminated a sixteen-year military career by renouncing all connection with the Nationalist revolution; and with the statement that he was retiring forever to private life he shut himself up in a Monastery near his birthplace at Fengwha.

In November he emerged from his seclusion on top of an isolated mountain and his engagement to Mei Ling Soong was announced. His marriage with Mei Ling, however, was contingent on whether he could obtain the sanction of her mother who was sojourning in Japan, and on some sort of adjustment which would provide a new layout for his first wife, several children and three or four concubines, all of them with a recognized status in Chiang's code of law and religion but difficult to harmonize with the Christian convictions and modern occidental tendencies of his fiancée's family. Chiang declared that the woman claiming to be his wife, and now traveling in the United States, is an impostor, but a number of people in this country met her a few years ago in Canton, where she was introduced everywhere as Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. That a compromise was effected is obvious since the wedding has taken place.

Chiang and Mei Ling were married first at the Soong home in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. A Methodist-Episcopal service united them at which a prominent Chinese minister officiated. A civil marriage followed in the pretentious ball room of the Hotel Majestic. Nearly a thousand guests, including the gorgeously uniformed foreign diplomats and officers of the armies and navies of the world, were assembled in the huge room decked with pennants, banners and flags in the colors of the Koumintang. Oriental mediaeval custom was observed in all the details, as the motion pictures of the ceremony show. The ancient ritual was being followed when Chiang made obeisance to the portrait of Dr. Sun Yet Sen, in lieu of an ancestor; when he walked before the bride up the aisle to the altar; when they chanted the Buddhist responses in unison and bowed solemnly to each other at the conclusion of the service.

Without doubt Mei Ling Soong has married one of the handsomest men in China. He is also a popular hero; the "man of the hour"; the idol of the coolie in the city, the peasant in the provinces, and the rookie in the barracks. But as far as family prestige is concerned, she alone brings distinction to the alliance. According to the oriental idea of class barriers which still persists in China, Mei Ling has married out of her station. Her family is one in which scholars, statesmen and diplomats have figured conspicuously for centuries, while beyond his father and mother, Chiang's genealogy is not recorded, and his own life shows no achievements but those of a soldier.

Mei Ling's father was Soong Chia Yu, a native of Kwangtung province. He was prepared for college in China and completed his education at Vanderbilt University in Tennessee. He was prominent in the days of the empire as a staunch supporter of the Manchus, and was a member of the board of directors of the government railroads under the old régime. He was also a lifelong friend and adviser of Dr. S. Sun Yet Sen, who, in 1913, married his second daughter, Rosamonde Soong. The ancestors of Soong Chia Yu were born on the island of Huian near Canton which for centuries has been inhabited by a queer medley of people of many nationalities, and where there has been much cross breeding of Mongolians with other races. Whether a strain of foreign blood was introduced by some of his forbears in this polyglot colony is not certain, but those who know the Soongs intimately attempt to account in this way for the unusual occidental characteristics which have always marked them. The present generation of Soongs is recognized as the most completely westernized family group in China.

Her mother traces her lineage back to a distinguished ancestor, Chi Paul Hsui, who was Premier of the empire at the end of the Ming dynasty. He was converted to Catholicism and became the first Chinese priest in China. Mrs. Soong was born in Shanghai and educated in the Chinese and foreign mission schools there. She speaks English, French and German fluently. And if she were not overshadowed by her three brilliant and progressive daughters, Mrs. H. Koong, wife of the Minister of Industry and Commerce, Mrs. Sun Yet Sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese republic, and Mei Ling, now the bride of General Chiang Kai-shek, she would be better known as one of China's leading feminists. That Mrs. Soong remains in the background while her daughters emerge into the limelight is another evidence of their acceptrance of occidental standards which permit the youth

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of the family to dominate, in contrast with the oriental idea that during the lifetime of the parent the children must be subservient. Besides the three daughters there is one son, T. V. Soong, brother of Mei Ling. He was Minister of Finance in the Nationalist government. He was educated at Saint John's University at Shanghai and graduated from Harvard with honors in 1925. His two cousins (sons of his mother's sister) one a graduate of Harvard and the other of Oxford, are prominent physicians in Shanghai. Another cousin is the daughter of Wen Bui-chi, who was on the board appointed by the Emperor to draft the constitutional reforms in 1908, and was until recently one of the elder statesmen acting as advisers to the Pekin government. She is a brilliant musician whose accomplishments are well known in London where she was educated.

Mei Ling is the youngest of the family. On the day I saw her last spring, shortly after my meeting with Chiang Kai-shek, she wore a tan sport suit, light silk stockings and patent leather American pumps, and was busy as a Y. W. C. A. worker, supplying clothes to the missionary refugees who had arrived in Shanghai after their terrifying experiences during the attack on Nankin. She has much charm, for whch a flashing smile and a dimple seem alone responsible until you realize that her voice and a manner of gesturing with dainty, fascinating hands add much to her attractiveness. She has large, dark eyes, a smooth, creamy skin, bobbed black hair with a straight bang and a small round face which is totally unlike the more typically oriental oval one of her sister, Mrs. Sun Yet Sen. But she has the nose peculiar to the Soong family with its bridge more prominent than is usual in the Chinese face. She was born in Shanghai and is the product of a generation of foreign training and Christian influence. Having studied first under Chinese teachers at home, she was prepared for college at a private school in the United States and then graduated from Wellesley.

From her conversation one realizes how much she has come under the influence of her sister, Mrs. Sun Yet Sen, whose appeal to the youth of China is tremendous. She talks more enthusiastically than logically of China's future, but is intelligently interested in organization along western lines, and in social welfare and educational work among her countrywomen. Her home is a commodious foreign dwelling on a wide well-paved street in the French Concession and the family car which she drives with ease through the thickest rickshaw traffic on the Bund is an expensive Cadillac.

In the course of human events it is inevitable that General Chiang Kai-shek and his bride will figure importantly in the news from China as it pursues its turbulent course for the next few years. And their advent in Washington, which is altogether within the realm of possibility, would furnish the American public with its first actual contact with a famous Chinese general.

PARADOX AND PROPHECY

I. DYING, AND BEHOLD WE LIVE

By C. C. MARTINDALE

(The following is the first of two papers written for The Commonweal by the Reverend C. C. Martindale, S. J. Father Martindale, an Englishman, is one of the foremost Catholic apologists writing in Europe today—The Editors.)

WHEN people say to me, "What do you think are the chances of the Church in 1928? or in the next fifty years? or in 100? or in England, in Europe, in Asia?" I feel a sort of glee. For how should I know? I am no Catholic H. G. Wells! Yet here have I been given full leave to speculate, to romance; to play, in short, that game of unguaranteed prophecy which has no rules at all.

And I like to say: "Ah! keep your eye on China! Russia will start to annoy Great Britain via northwest India, and then mate with China. Then the Balkans will wake up; there will be a brief German empire, larger than ever unless Russia is at once sucked backward into the Austria-Hungary vacuum: England, France and Italy will be paralyzed; American finance (remember that this is a game—I can say what I like!) will collapse; there will be seen the final disintegration of Europe and the destruction of those architectural points that are active symbols—that stir imagination and unite wills—Sancta Sophia, Saint Peter's, the Holy Sepulchre. And I expect that Mecca will be bombed out of being, and Islam, already half-dissipated, will split into a thousand warring morsels. Then China with her firm social system will permeate her erstwhile dominant partner; the Bolshevik cult of the machine will die, and the world will be Mongolianized. The twentieth Pope from now will be talking Chinese, and will reign, maybe, from Lhasa; scholastic philosophy and theology will be translated for the first time into oriental categories, and Buddhists, Hindus, Confucians and Shinto and even Brahminism, will be Christianized, and the world will draw breath till the next great onslaught of Michael versus Satan, in the enduring duel. Babylon against Sion, world-wanton against Christ's Spouse, Wild Beast against the Lamb. How it shall end, is certain; when, "no man knoweth."

That is not bad?

"Bad?" I have been answered. "As a bit of melodrama, maybe not. But in the concrete—if it happened, wouldn't it be bad?" I don't know. I do ex-

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pect to see, in the Church's history, a continuation of Saint Paul's experience—"bruised, but not beaten; dismayed, yet not despairing; hunted, yet not fainting; stoned, but not slain—ever bearing about in our very body the killing of the Lord Jesus, so that the Life too of Jesus may be revealed in this our dying flesh!" And since in reality the flesh of the Christian is the Flesh of Christ, since all we are one body, and the Church is Christ's Body, I expect to see in the history of the Church a constant reiteration of the history of Christ—defeat and resurrection and ascension, save that He in His tenderness never permits His Church wholly to die.

And what I genuinely do think possible is this: for reasons varying in different countries, I think that conditions may arise such as to involve a great landslide of indifferent Catholics, leaving a very fervent remnant, but no more than that. For example, I think that it is so obvious in England that the non-Catholic denominations are ceasing to count religiously (the Prayer-Book row reveals, in the minority who created it, not much more of positive than an anti-papal complex) and the Church is so manifestly the only religious group whose stock is really rising, and rising rapidly, that soon Catholics may here become a minority sufficiently large and vigorous to be a nuisance: then there ought to be a genuine persecution, to which local irritations or unpopularities do not now amount; and in that hour, I should think that whole masses of the half-hearted would slide off. I think this because it has been noticeable that any degree of increased freedom and popularity has weakened us—and if we do first get more power, more worldly well-being in the state, I expect to see, too, a weakening of spiritual vigor, so that in the hour of reaction, of "persecution," we would not resist. We would not be tough all through.

I think that the frightful—I repeat, the frightful—burden rightly laid on the average Catholic citizen by way of Catholic doctrine concerning birth restriction, tends to break down the allegiance of thousands whose shoulders are not exceptionally strong. I know many who argue (illogically, but still . . .) "In this point I cannot—anyway I do not—observe Catholic rules. Had I not better therefore chuck the whole thing? Would I not be a hypocrite not to do so?" I should not then be in the least surprised to see, in a century, no Catholic country anywhere left, but strong, self-conscious, suffering Catholic minorities in every country—larger than they are now, much larger, in nominally non-Catholic countries (England, Denmark, Scandinavia, Germany, of course) and small but far more vigorous than they are now in historically Catholic countries such as France, Austria, some South American areas and so forth. I confess that Italy and Spain provide a problem such as to check even the most rash prognostications!

I recognize that what I have said contains an implication that many Catholics are not all that they ought to be. Poor platitude! Who supposes that they are? But why aren't they? I leave aside the mystery of evil will, and ask if there are reasons for weak conviction, weak resolve. Saint Catherine of Siena and many other saints have, with a boldness that I should never permit to myself, described Christ's Body, that is the Church, as suffering from horrible diseases, and even leprosies. Dare not I then perceive in His enduring Flesh, Wounds through which His life-blood runs, so that His Body wilts? May not I risk reckoning up five in particular?

The first concerns instruction—no instruction; bad instruction. Pius X and Pius XI have so hammered at this topic that I need not feel shy about it. Pius X's insistence upon "cathechism" was due in part, I know, to his having heard that certain parish priests had so discarded the first duty of their shepherdhood as to declare that "teaching catechism" was beneath their dignity. "Leave it to the curate, to nuns, to schoolteachers." The horrified Pope started forthwith to teach it himself in the Cortile of San Damaso. But was there any excuse at all for the attitude of priests who did not teach? Frankly, yes! For many countries were "traditionally" Catholic. I have had it said to me, in the East of Europe (I would rather not mention names of places, though it would make this article much more picturesque to do so):

"We have always believed that our people had the Faith in their blood. You see for yourself how devout they are (and indeed I had.) We never realized that new elements were entering the land. It never occurred to us that the next generation could not be all that the past ones have been. Nor can they. Will the scenes that you witness reproduce themselves in ten years' time? No!"

To what were such priests alluding? It had not struck them that the percentage of those who could read was rising rapidly. They had not therefore created a Catholic press. But the Jews had. The "liberals" had. The invasion of the cinema, too, had escaped their notice, with its continual suggestion (operating on girls and on children and on those, too, who could not read) of non-Christian, I do not say deliberately anti-Christian, ideals; material well-being; violence; sex-passion. In one Catholic city, where I sought to have a Catholic function filmed, of the four establishments which could have done it, three were Jewish and one "liberal." All refused. The populations, which had tradition and imagination as supports for their faith, were having a thousand new ideas, and above all, rival stuff for their imagination, pumped weekly into them, and this was unguessed. So nothing additional in the way of Catholic instruction was being offered them. I merely mention the war, and the pitchforking of whole masses of the males out of their innocent immemorial agricultural world, into the world of blood, of recklessness, of license and of hitherto unnamed, undreamt-of, diseases. Hence truly devoted pastors are seen standing aghast, condemning them-

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selves for more than they really should, but asking of whoever can give an answer: "How must we begin? What do you do?"

I add, where instruction exists, yet it may be "bad," not because it always was so, but because in altered conditions it has become so relatively. Far, far is this from always being our fault! Anti-clerical measures in a thousand places have made it difficult or impossible for impoverished Catholics to create an educational equipment that can bear any comparison with secular equipment. Where we bleed ourselves white to keep our schools in existence, how can we so much as furnish them as we would? Let alone pay the salaries to teachers that we would? England (for once to quote this country) is full of heroic laymen and laywomen, preferring tiny Catholic salaries and loyalty to the Catholic child beyond all the riches of the Egyptians. But besides this, though in part because of this, we may frequently have refused, or hesitated, to compare ourselves to others. It seemed hard to acknowledge that we had anything to learn from that which taught us some lessons, at any rate, that were bad.

But ivory towers are brittle. Isolation, once necessary, long ago ceased to be desirable, and is now impossible. To be fully fair, I suppose that we are so numerous that, not all of us being heroes, we include a few who will not own up to our educational deficiencies even when aware of them. That would seem disloyalty. But a shut-eyed loyalty is worse than short-sightedness; insincere commendation is sin. Myself I say to inquirers: "The improvement in our Catholic schools during the last fifteen years, or so seems to me, is little short of miraculous; they still have real defects; but I hold that what they give of good far outweighs what they give of mediocre, or do not give at all. Trust them, criticize them, help them." And how firm, how fruitful, has been the criticism—recently in, for example, the French Jesuit bulletin, Les Etudes; and I know by experience how searching an examination is being applied by the great congregations of teaching nuns to their own methods, in view of the post-war girl.

I might add that by improved religious instruction I do not mean controversial apologetics. These have their place. But the Christian faith is not a complexus of arguments nor a denying of something else. It is a positive doctrine, and should be taught positively, and, as I shall say below, without excluding any of its profundities, or its consequences, or substituting piety for knowledge. It remains that, at present, masses of Catholics, even pious, do not know their faith at all. Pope after Pope (I repeat, to protect myself!) has said this; and it makes one Wound through which Christ's Body bleeds.

The Second Wound that I must designate is the schism between classes. This exists quite as much in democratic countries (if there are any) as under aristocracies or monarchies (if again there are any.) A recent book by Father Lhande, S. J., who may be regarded simply as the apostle of the outer Paris, demonstrates how broken are the bridges between Paris-Soleil, if indeed the inner Paris any more deserves that name, and the Black Paris that rings the fortifications, and the Paris-Rouge that surrounds that Paris-Noir. I do not propose to enter into details, because, God helping me, I should like to write, in American pages, something both about the Church in French city life and about the Church in French countrysides. Still, I chose Paris for symbol, because not only are the schisms mentioned quite appalling, but the Cardinal Archbishop, able to trust a decimated yet perfectly heroic clergy, is forcefully and deliberately and, thank God, with no little success, seeking to cope with a situation which might make the boldest despair.

The French (like the splendid Germans of the northwest and northeast Diasporas) have long been alert to the problem—the Action Française is well known. But the war ruined (1) nearly all enterprises that were thriving before it, and (2) three-quarters of that middle class which supplied the funds needed by them. All has to be begun over again, and (as they keep saying to you) "Il y a toute une mentalité a refaire." To construct a mind is harder, I assure you, than to build a school. And psychologists suggest (so does experience, which the most of them but codify) that the back of the mind requires generations of formation. (That is one reason why "arguments" for "Catholicism," alluded to above, may be seen and admitted and in next to no time be discarded and seem meaningless. They made a net-work over the mind, keeping it in shape for boyhood's hours. "Laqueus contritus est"—the meshes snap or shred, and the contents of the recesses of the mind, unaffected by the arguments, are freed and fly pestilentially forth . . .)

And if this be true for republican France, what must be the danger of those lands where Church has not only been closely linked with the state, but with a caste? That was true for Austria. Hence you risk to hear, in such places, not a "Russian" jeering at Jesus, but, the praise of Jesus, followed at once by the growled resentment against "Church." Yet I must confess that round Paris, whole populations have not been so much as baptized; and if, in England, Anglican confirmations are said to be sinking by 10,000 a year, I wonder what here, too, is happening to the baptisms? I will but say that in London, the bridges are not yet broken. But so few—so very, very few—trouble to cross them! I am sure that if our Catholic schools (the richer ones) educate a race that does not so much as know of the existence, let alone the manner of life, of the worlds of Limehouse, Poplar and the lost parishes of Essex, they are cleaving a deeper schism, hewing a deeper wound, through which, once more, Christ's Blood pours itself wasted forth. Thank God, here too, improvement is apparent, and amazing. Perhaps our complacent classes will not have, one day, to hear addressed to them: "There is found in your skirts the blood of all these My innocent poor."

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A. E.—POET AND IRISHMAN

By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THERE is a sense in which A. E.'s words are true: "A poet is always a practical man." The names of Marlowe and Chatterton, Poe and Pearse, are writ in tears to prove that poets are not always practical in matters of food and lodging, thrift and caution and length of days; but A. E. speaks in a deeper sense. A poet is a practical man because he applies a logic as sure and imperturbable as that of a merchant capturing a market, to the ideal that fires him. And thus—"Every Irish movement has had a poet at its heart. Modern Ireland is the child of the Gaelic revival, and at the heart of that was a great poet, Douglas Hyde. And Easter Week was the work of Pearse and Plunkett and McDonagh."

This man, we remember, is at once one of the greatest of living poets and one of the greatest of living Irishmen. As a poet he has had, to paraphrase one of his dream-drenched lines, "the sense of twilight 'round him"; yet for thirty years his work in the prosaic light of every day has been the organizing of coöperative activities among the Irish farmers, and the editing of weekly papers dealing with every phase of Irish life. Among living poets he is at once the most authentic mystic and the most practical man of affairs. He is himself "a poet at the heart" of an Irish movement, and it is amusing to learn that it was Ireland's other great contemporary bard, W. B. Yeats, who secured A. E.'s employment by Sir Horace Plunkett, the father and founder of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society.

We are wrong in speaking of "the prosaic light of day" in connection with A. E. He wears poetry as an invisible cloak wherever he comes or goes—even in America, even in a New York apartment. He is so big of stature as to suggest one of those shining supernatural figures he has painted in his visionary pictures; his ruddy face is mobile behind his shaggy beard, and his eyes are alight with constant eagerness to communicate beauty and wisdom; but his voice—that incredible, soft, caressing Irish voice! How wonderful it is when speaking poetry! Every word and syllable is caressed, and smoothed, and rounded, and drawn out to all its beauty, and uttered on the air with tenderness and reverence. He is the Caruso of the spoken word, the music of which is so much purer and subtler than that of the word sung. He is the perfect interviewee, not only because every word he utters is as caressing to the ear, but because one has only to mention a subject in which he is interested, and he takes the interview right away from his questioner and talks on with fervent and inexhaustible enthusiasm, unhurried, his eyes shining, his every sentence a dithyramb.

Speaking of dithyrambs, A. E. is surely the matchless celebrant of Walt Whitman's stately and difficult rhythms. To hear him recite "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking" or "There was a child went forth every day" is to discover beauties one never knew were in Old Walt. Whitman remains his chief love among American poets; but it is good to hear him voice appreciation of Emerson as a poet, too. Among contemporary American poets, A. E. is particularly familiar with Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Edward Arlington Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and—illustrating the vagaries of fame—rather surprisingly, with James Oppenheim and Sara Teasdale. Lindsay, we may fancy, was called to his attention by Yeats, but Masters he would discover for himself.

Of the younger Irish poets, whose generous godfather he has always been, A. E. spoke with kindling enthusiasm. Padraic Colum and James Stephens are "younger" now only in comparison with Yeats, Katherine Tynan and A. E. himself. But he foresees great things for F. R. Higgins, Pamela Travers, Frank O'Connor, Geoffrey Phibbs, R. H. D. Wilson and H. Stuart. With that balance and broad-mindedness which characterize him, he estimates understandingly those who lead the present revolt against romanticism in Ireland—James Joyce, Sean O'Casey and Liam O'Flaherty. Ulysses he calls a terrifying book, but he credits the courage and integrity of Joyce, who, however, is little known in Ireland. Realism of that sort he calls a phase of the development of national consciousness. "Just as a boy who is a dreamer, later in adolescence discovers lust and horror in the world, and finally in manhood achieves balance, so a nation passes from romanticism through realism to a rounded literary expression."

A. E. never mastered Gaelic because he could learn it only in the rhythms of poetry, and when Rolleston, who was teaching him, left Ireland, he could find no one to take his place. He remembers lovely passages of Gaelic poetry, and if English is honey on his lips, Gaelic is nectar. As one whose faith and interest are always in the soul of things, A. E. believes in the revival of the old tongue, and his nearest approach to scorn is for those who would let go of this link with the heroic past, this living stream of precious race-memory, in which poetry and wisdom have been stored up for centuries. "Those who tell the Irish to forget Gaelic should tell the Chinese to forget their ancient speech, should tell scholars to cease bothering with Greek and Sanscrit." And again, "There is meaning and magic in the names of the people, the towns, the rivers and mountains, but this meaning and magic disappear if Gaelic is forgotten, and a precious talisman would be lost."

A. E. is the complete Irishman is everything except that he stands outside the ancient Faith; but in tolerant,

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Catholic Ireland he is understood and understanding. A volume would not be too big for an examination of his profound and beautiful mysticism, and half of it might be taken up in drawing analogies with Catholic doctrine. To him men are godlike spirits in prisons of flesh, astray for a time between two eternities. He has seen in waking visions, great shining angels and spirits, when he has walked the fields alone and brooding; they have come into the rooms of his house and he has seen them play with his child. He has painted them; and he has painted the utter earthiness of earth and of men and women close to the earth and its labors, with the benediction of heaven and twilight and dusk over them, mysterious and tender. Among his many poems characterized at once by an almost unmatched evocation of the radiant or shimmering colors of nature, and by quiet upreach into mystical meanings, here is one which will serve as well as any of them to illustrate these qualities:

Still rests the heavy share on the dark soil:
Upon the black mold thick the dew-damp lies.
The horse waits patient: from his lowly toil
The plowboy to the morning lifts his eyes.

The unbudding hedgerows dark against day's fires
Glitter with gold-lit crystals: on the rim
Over the unregarding city's spires
The lonely beauty shines alone for him.

And day by day the dawn or dark enfolds
And feeds with beauty eyes that cannot see
How in her womb the Mighty Mother molds
The infant spirit for eternity.

CAN THE WOMAN'S CLUB SURVIVE?

By ELIZABETH DICKENS

FROM 1889, the birth date of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, to the present is not a long time as time goes. But measured by changes in attitude, the attitude of men toward women, the attitude of women toward themselves, it is a very long time indeed. That is why the woman's club cannot survive. The need which it fulfilled no longer exists. Women of the type to which it made its appeal are not to be found in the younger generation. The woman's club is in its heydey now and doubtless it will linger on for several decades yet. But when the women who were too old to readjust themselves with the ratifying of the suffrage amendment have passed on, the club will find itself in the discard.

The younger women of today, the intelligent women upon whom the Federation must depend if it maintains its old morale, are not seeking the same things that women sought in the nineties. The older women, the active club members, are still, in spite of all their talk of civic activities, cast in the mold of the nineteenth century, when condensed culture was undoubtedly the aim of the majority of the Federation's members. And if these latter, these middle-aged, altogether admirable women who remain the American club type, are still culture-seekers, what bearing does the point have on whether or not the younger women will enter the club movement? It has considerable; for though the younger generation of women consider culture a desirable attribute, their desires go far beyond that boundary of the older woman's ambition. And they know that culture is too deep and subtle a thing to be acquired on Tuesday afternoons from three till five.

In her book, The Business of Being a Club Woman, Alice Ames Winter seems to believe that because, as she phrases it, "the club has put a roof over its head," it is here to stay. But buildings do not always continue to be used for the purpose for which they were built. A woman's clubhouse might be remodeled into a perfectly acceptable day nursery for the children of working mothers, a perfectly acceptable community kitchen. Just because the club women of yesterday and today have put a roof over their heads, they need not necessarily expect the women of tomorrow to stay under it.

The civic improvement club, a large proportion of the club members seem to feel, is a step ahead of the cultural club. But with the passing of the day when women as a sex were askers to the present when they are doers, voters, office-holders, it seems more logical that women particularly interested in civic affairs should prefer to become members of city commissions, of library boards, hospital boards, prison boards, instead of spending their energies in an organization which works as indirectly as the average woman's club. For although the suffrage amendment has made such tactics obsolete, the tendency to accomplish through indirect methods, through wheedling and threatening, seems to be deeply rooted in the woman's club movement.

Another serious weakness of the average woman's club is that its members always have dabbled and, I fancy, always will dabble. What Mrs. Winter, for instance, in the book already referred to, terms "a partial list of suggestive, constructive things accomplished by various women's clubs," includes such diverse projects as an anti-tuberculosis campaign, the organization of boy scouts and girl scouts, the collection and burning of cocoons, the holding of dramatic dances at a state fair, the purchasing of a needed incinerating plant for a town, the visiting of jails weekly to keep the women inmates busy and useful, the purchase of a complete layette for a needy mother, the establishment and maintenance of libraries, the censoring of

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motion pictures, the care of an old cemetery, the oiling of pools to destroy mosquitoes, the hauling away of refuse, the establishment of a venereal clinic.

One could hardly deny that many of the enterprises listed are worthy ones, or that all of them are harmless, but it does seem that an appallingly large number would legitimately come under the work of specialized agencies already in operation. One gets the impression that the club members here are searching frantically for some worthy object with which to occupy themselves, caring little as to whether there are other instrumentalities to do the work so long as they are able to justify to themselves their existence as club women.

How can women's clubs hope to remain an influence in American life when they continue to dabble? And how can they cease dabbling and go into any one thing thoroughly when their membership is so heterogeneous?

The belief that women's clubs can wield any considerable influence, civic or political, is based on the fallacy that all women share, as a sex, common beliefs. But the day when women have had to fight as a sex seems gradually drawing to a close. They have arrived as individuals and their future struggles will be more and more individualistic. The general crusade is about over.

Sex is a bond no stronger, if as strong as, race or wealth. Identity of occupation is a bond and one that used to reinforce the sex bond. But with women's interests pausing in the home but briefly, occupation is becoming less of a bond between women than it used to be. The women who are in business working with men have more in common with the men they work with than they have with the women who remain 99 percent domestic.

That the General Federation of Women's Clubs realizes that to survive it must appeal to the girls and young women of today is shown by the Federation's emphasis on junior membership. But what does the Federation offer to interest the prospective junior member of the type that the woman's club membership surely must wish to succeed itself? The young women who would have been interested in club work in an earlier day, when there were few outlets for their intellectual energy, are now in a profession or business of some sort. Those who are not are usually of the frivolous type which would be interested in club work almost solely from a social standpoint; which would use it as a rung of the social ladder or as a substitute for more exclusive but unattainable social activities. Such as these surely are not the ones whom the earnest club women of today can depend upon, with any feeling of genuine security, to fulfill their projects for the future.

For verification of my theory as to the type of girl who is attracted by the Federation's junior membership there is no need to look farther than Mrs. Winter's book, The Business of Being a Club Woman:

> The following striking plea was voiced by a very young girl before the Arizona State Club Convention:
>
> "Every woman here, and especially you mothers, know the need for this. You know the conditions the girls of today are facing, the temptations they have to face, dope, hip-pocket flasks and automobiles parked on lonely roads. If there was ever a time that girls need a closer friendship with their mothers it is now. Is it not true that the larger part of the girls of today are coming into young womanhood without an interest in the world except bridge and dates? Simply because there is nothing else offered them. Are they not standing on the outside looking in? They see their mothers doing work that is of real value, yet there does not seem to be a place for them. The junior club will give them this opportunity under the care and direction of the mothers themselves. Especially here in Phoenix, and in all the central districts, there seems to be an unusually large number of these young girls and young married women whose lives are simply empty. Can't you women who know the value of service in club work reach them, and bring them into something that will mean not only their own personal betterment but the betterment of the community and fit them to carry on Federated Clubs to the world power it is going to be?"

This picture seems to me intriguing indeed. The flapper fleeing from dope and the hip-pocket flask to engage in civic reform! Walking home from the automobile parked on the lonely road, breathless, but in time for club meeting, thank God! Hearing her, those sincere and earnest women who believe that the fulfillment of their club projects must depend "not on today but on tomorrow" must have turned toward the future of the women's club movement a group of sunny faces.

From the controversy that continually rages about the young woman who is trying to keep up her premarriage work without depriving herself of home, husband, children, the typical middle-aged club woman stands curiously apart. Perhaps she does not believe it can be done. Perhaps she is piqued that the younger women should not be satisfied with the intellectual outlets that sufficed their mothers. I do not know. But the way in which the attitude of the typical club woman differs from that of the younger woman is exemplified by the home-equipment survey recently made by the General Federation. The Federation continually harps on the idea that the census reports do not recognize the home-maker as having a profession. The progressive younger woman does not care at all about having home-making recognized as a profession. She is not so much interested in loading up with more equipment than her tiny apartment or compact little house will hold as she is interested in having more and more of the home-maker's tasks taken out of the home.

"Almost all the women of power and character in the United States belong to some kind of club," says Alice Ames Winter.

Women do belong to organizations, certainly, organizations ranging from Delta Delta Delta to the

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American Historical Association. If the membership of the women listed in Who's Who in America under A is typical proportionately of the whole book, about one-half belong to some sort of woman's club. Apparently membership in the General Federation has about as much bearing on the "power" of which Mrs. Winter speaks as does membership in a collegiate sorority represented in National Pan-Hellenic.

Glancing over the organizations listed in Who's Who, one is impressed by the number of specialized clubs and associations to which women belong. Today the tendency is to join with women or with men who have the same interests at heart as one's own rather than with women with whom it is hard to find an interest in common. This tendency to specialize is one of the factors that must spell the slow death of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

Women's clubs have attempted to meet this trend toward specialization with a highly departmentalized organization, but, even so, they have not satisfied the desire of the modern woman to work in the same group with men. This desire is probably the outgrowth of the discovery that women's interests, even the oldtime sacred precinct of the home and children, are practically identical with those of men. Women are willingly casting aside their old holier-than-thou attitude, their old feeling of cultural superiority, to join with men in organizations to promote common interests. Men, reluctantly sometimes but inevitably, are meeting them half way.

Mrs. Mary Sherman, president of the Federation, is even going so far, I understand, as to predict that the next step in club work will be the coöperation of men and women. Such a step means that the Federation, as an entity, will become extinct. Mrs. Sherman's statement, as it relates to the General Federation of Women's clubs, seems not so much a prediction of progress as an admission of disintegration.

Resurrection

Lo, how the butterfly, the paladin of air,
To whom blue acres are baronial things,
Who takes them as an eldest son the name,
Or owl the night,
Before the time of wings
Lies blind, without direction,
Entombed, enwound,
Forgotten, and alone,
Till comes its Easter night
Without a sound,
And lo, this cavalier of light,
This breathless one,
Bewildered by its colored resurrection,
Rides up into the sun.
So even I,
When wings lift from my clod,
Breaking the sky,
May shimmer up to God.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT

By DANIEL SARGENT

FOR poets to lack something to write about is not entirely a modern malady although so many modern poets are dead of it. Delightful Chaucer made several tries before he knew what his pen was made for. Milton took notes on his hesitancies, and Wordsworth wrote an epic poem about his. Probably the Alexandrians were worse than are people today. They believed in all religions.

Longfellow is the example of a man who accepts many and various subjects easily, but for that very reason accepts very few of them into his heart. He adopted them for the literary occasion. As evidence of this habit of his we have the curious fact that his translations are generally stronger and less "over-literary" than his original poems. He could exert the full manhood of his talent into the translations, for the convictions there expressed were not his. He was not responsible. He was a brave, impetuous soldier when under orders. As a general he was tentative, uneasy, over-sensitive. Compare with his restive sentimentalism this translation from Lope de Vega:

El Buen Pastor

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still
for me.

A truly believing sonnet. And here is a gay poem, for the grey poet—an anonymous song:

A Un Arroyuelo

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! Mirror of the morn!
The Soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!

So it runs on. There are several stiff lines, but look at the graceful:

O sweet simplicity of days gone by.

And even a poem on childhood can be not too sentimental when it is a translation. There is almost mischief in this:

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a-horseback on best father's knee.
Alike were sorrows, passions and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Longfellow loved literature. He would have given his last breath to have produced an American literature like the European literatures which set his heart knocking. For that purpose he had a due sense of words, and that ability to create a metaphor which Aristotle said cannot be learned. Yet he never had a subject which took him heart and soul. It is for this

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reason alone, I believe, that so many readers of the present day complain of finding him thin.

I wish that instead of having everything, Longfellow had had, at least, something to write about. His general benignity was enormous, and mystifying to some foreigners. One learned German Jesuit was convinced that he found a Catholicizing strain in Longfellow, and wrote a large book on that subject. What else could he have thought if he did not know the Cambridge of Longfellow's day? Surely he did not find in Europe one not a Catholic smiling so paternally at things Catholic. That Longfellow could so smile was due partly to his native sweetness, partly to the fact that Catholicism belonged in his eyes to the far-away, magic past, and partly to the attitude of the intellectuals of his companionship. They were men who gave the same cult to the paintings of Our Lady as had once been given to Our Lady herself by their ancestors. They could almost worship religious art, yet call what produced it superstition. This was the day of the enthusiastic liberals who had all religions and no religions. This mood may have been a step out of Calvinism, a good for the world, but it did not help Longfellow, the poet. On the contrary, it left him a perpetual outsider.

Longfellow was a really great man. That he was such can be recognized by gazing at the whole of his masterly career. He brought to this country a liking for poetry, if not permanently for poetry that was his. He gave us back a past that was rightly ours. He literally created a Europe of belfries of Bruges, and Nuremberg towers which rose by enchantment over our eastern ocean, and fascinated two generations. Yet he was not as great a poet as he was a man. He had too many subjects.

A great difference has come over poets and their subjects since Longfellow's death. They do not like any more to write about what they do not believe. This leaves many of them very little from which to choose. As the flippant have said: "Modern poets do not believe either in God or in Paul Revere." But they still have themselves.

"Tenebrae Factae Sunt"

Dark
And the things of the dark.
The rustling of the wind
Among the trees yonder;
The cool, damp smell of rain to come;
A creaking of branches
And the lonely sob of the killdee.
And through the grief and loneliness
Of the dark,
The brave cheerfulness
Of a cricket
And the throbbing persistency
Of many locusts.

Far away in the misty west,
Where dark has its roof,
A tiny glimmer of a star
In an attic window of heaven!

Dark, and the things of the dark,
Grief, and tears, and loneliness,
Joy, and sweetness—
Dark—and God!

MARTIN A. KRAPF.

COMMUNICATIONS

FATHER COLUMBANUS ON ROUND TOWERS

Black Abbey, Kilkenny.

TO the Editor:—Father Columbanus writes in your issue of November 2 that "the Anglo-Irish claim that the towers were built for Irish Christian purposes is nothing short of silly." Led wholly astray by a fanciful antiquarian like General Vallancey, who had very little acquaintance with mediaeval antiquities, he puts forth the long-discarded theory of the pagan origin of the round towers of Ireland. And because Dr. Petrie, in his refutation of Vallancey, proves beyond all manner of doubt that the towers were mostly erected at the time when Ireland was known as the land of saints and scholars, he scents an Anglo-Irish plot to detract from the alleged glorious civilization of pagan times.

The truth is that up to General Vallancey, who wrote toward the close of the eighteenth century, all previous writers, both Anglo-Irish and Irish, had attributed a Christian origin to the towers. In 1833, Dr. Petrie brought out his learned work on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland. He carefully examined all the towers that remained and made a profound study of all the annals of the country with reference to them. Father Columbanus does not seem to have seen this work, for some of his arguments are clearly refuted in it.

According to Dr. Petrie these buildings were erected at various times from the fifth to the twelfth century. Their architecture has features in common with the churches built at these periods. They were used as belfries, as lighthouses for the guidance of travelers and pilgrims, as refuges both for clergy and people in times of danger, as storehouses for ecclesiastical and other goods. As a means of passive defense in times of sudden onslaught, no structure was more suitable to the purpose. These uses were attributed to them by the uniform tradition of the whole people of Ireland.

Of the pagan forts that remain in Ireland, and they are numerous enough, not one has been found in which lime cement was used. That was introduced by Saint Patrick and his missionary band. I cannot see what glory it adds to Irish history to attribute to pagans the magnificent work done by our Christian ancestors under the guidance of the Church. There is no more evidence of an Anglo-Irish plot to rob pagan Ireland of its glories than there is of a Vallancey-Columbanus plot to rob Christian Ireland of the achievements which tradition has always assigned to it.

REV. AMBROSE COLEMAN, O.P.

A PAN-AMERICAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS

Denton, Tex.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal for January 18 had this very suggestive headline on page 952: "A Pan-American Catholic Congress." Is this a utopian dream? If it was possible to bring together 1,000,000 Catholics, from all parts of the earth, to the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, should it not be then comparatively easy to bring the Catholics of the two Americas and Canada together? The results would be marvelous. It is deplorable that two countries which have the same name should be so ignorant of each other's conditions. North America knows Europe but knows little about South America. May it please God to give us "A Pan-American Catholic Congress," where Catholics will learn to know each other and be united in love and charity.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

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THE LAST CONFEDERATE HOSTESS

Belleville, Ill.

TO the Editor:—The death not long ago of Mrs. Thomas J. Semmes removes the last of the hostesses of the Confederacy. Myra Eulalie Knox Semmes was born at Winchester, Tennessee, in 1831, and after graduating at the Academy of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., she was married to Thomas J. Semmes (1824-99) later Attorney-General of Louisiana and Senator of the Confederacy, a first cousin of the famous Admiral Semmes. Her father, William Knox, an Irish Protestant, banker and planter of Montgomery, Alabama, lived in a mansion on Lee and Bibb Streets which became the first "White House" of the Confederacy; his wife, Anne Octavia, was the daughter of a Revolutionary officer, Colonel Joel Lewis, and Miriam (Eastham) Lewis, a relative of the Fairfaxes and Washingtons. Mrs. Semmes, as usual with the non-Catholic wives of members of this colonial Maryland family, became a Catholic, and an extremely devout one. T. C. De Leon, in his curious Belles, Beaux and Brains of the Sixties, pays the following tribute to her:

"Mrs. Semmes was a queen among hostesses. As Miss Myra Eulalie Knox of Montgomery, she had queened the bellehood of her own and other cities. When she married the rising and brilliant lawyer she held her conquests in New Orleans, the watering places, and in the capitals of the old and new federations. Gracious, quick-witted and diplomatic, she had been educated in the more solid as well as the showier accomplishments. She was a born actress and an admirable hostess . . . .

"These gifts quickly and easily carried her to social leadership in Richmond, and there her house was a centre for the most distinguished men of the hour, and no less for that young set whom she entertained to their heart's content. . . . So there was no more open house than the one opposite the executive mansion, and it held a singularly notable 'mess': Vice-President Stephens, her husband's colleagues, Senator Sparrow and Senator Garland. Another habitué of the Semmes household, and almost a member of it, was the Honorable Pierre Soule, of their state, former Senator and minister to Spain.

JOHN ALDIS.

"A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS"

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

TO the Editor:—A New York city "minister" recently told his congregation: "We need a new Ten Commandments." I have put the word "minister" in quotation marks not because the preacher I refer to is not a regular clergyman, but because I do not know whose minister and representative he is. Certainly he is not a minister of God. Perhaps he represents his satanic majesty, or the soviet republic.

Before we think of getting a new Ten Commandments, suppose we make trial of those we have. The Ten Commandments were promulgated thousands of years ago, but as yet they have never been practised. Every one of these Commandments is broken all over the land. I was going to say they are broken every day; but fortunately the Third Commandment cannot be broken every day. If it could be broken every day, it would be. In fact, it is broken every day, in part.

If the Ten Commandments were strictly kept, paradise would come back to earth. This would make the newspapers happy, for then they would not have so much crime news to report, and they would have more space for useful and profitable advertising.

CHARLES HOOPER.

CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY

Chewelah, Wash.

TO the Editor:—Now that the sacred season of Christmas is past it may be well to look forward to the next one. For year after year there becomes evident a more pronounced divorce of the celebration of the season from what should be its guiding motif, the birth of Christ. Santa Claus! What a misnomer, what a travesty on the most sacred and tender of Christian mysteries! How absurd and incapable of bearing any suggestion to the child-mind of the birth of Jesus! The very incarnation of the spirit of commercialism that is threatening to engulf the Christian idea!

Are Catholics guilty of this flagrant abuse, or non-use of what is better in art and more suggestive of the sacred event commemorated? It is much to be feared. And yet we have the very best in the line of Christmas cards, souvenirs and musical records. Let us not under-value the importance of these things, both in their effect on our own minds and those of our youth. Let us have Christ at Christmas! Pictures, cards, souvenirs, molds of the Infant Jesus! Let us call Him "Santo" or the "Gesu," if we must have a catchy name. But have Him we must.

If all our Catholic societies would adopt resolutions early enough in the year, which is now, and if every Catholic in the land refused to be cheated out of his birthright by an energetic demand for something holier than a Santa Claus of bizarre and ugly appearance, there would be given the rest of the world a powerful incentive to restore to Christ, for its full honors, His own natal day.

REV. ROBERT A. EHRENBOLD, O. S. B.

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

Scottdale, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I am writing not for controversy but for information, which some of your correspondents may kindly furnish.

Why do some good Catholics favor alcoholic beverages and despise prohibition? I have never known drink to do the Church good, or prohibition do it harm; and I am near the eightieth year-stone and in the fifty-second year of priesthood. Priests are not less pious, zealous, hardworking or influential than before the liquor traffic was outlawed, nor are the laity less religious and generous. The fact is that more and better churches and schools have been built since the advent of prohibition than ever before in the same length of time; the Mass and the sacraments are better attended; and Catholics were never so well united, organized or influential. This is the witness of my experience and not cited as the fruit of prohibition but as evidence that the Church has not been injured by it, and to justify my inquiry.

A second question is worth considering: If prohibition were done away with, what would take its place? And would the evils laid at its door be also done away with? Can the reintroduction of a law-protected liquor traffic be viewed with anything but dread? Also, if the contention be true that all the drink wanted can still be got, and that prohibition does not bind in conscience, why all this outcry against it by Catholics?

But to move the previous question: Why do so many Catholics favor alcoholic beverages and despise prohibition when the former has never done the Church good nor the latter done her any injury?

REV. M. A. LAMBING.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Strange Interlude

TWO years ago Eugene O'Neill startled us somewhat by reverting to the use of masks in his play The Great God Brown. Of course he did not go back to any known tradition in the use of masks, and adopted the interesting if somewhat confusing method of having the masks follow the outlines of the actors' faces. Moreover the masks were used only on occasions to indicate the difference between one's outward attitude toward the world and reality and one's inner state of mind. In his latest play, Strange Interlude, O'Neill has startled us in somewhat similar fashion by reverting to the use of the aside. His stage characters enjoy the privilege of a double dialogue, part of it expressing the thoughts they are willing to show to the world, and part of it expressing only their innermost feelings. This is a technical novelty which, in the opinion of many of the critics, adds enormously to the scope of the drama, giving to the play the benefit, generally reserved only to novels, of describing motives as well as speech and action. On the other hand there are many who believe that really skilful playwrighting and acting enable an audience to grasp inner motives quite as clearly as when they are enunciated after this O'Neill method.

This much is certain, that Mr. O'Neill has managed to contrive a dramatic story of absorbing interest, and that he has no difficulty in holding the attention of the audience for five hours, and across the stretch of a dinner intermission, as against the two and one-half hours permitted to the average playwright. In spite of this, I am not convinced that he has achieved, in the full sense, a great play. Strange Interlude probes deeply and terribly into the recesses of a neurotic mind, as summed up in the character of Nina Leeds. It probes also into many other types of mind, and as a work of intuitive psychology, it is undoubtedly a monumental achievement. But to regard it as a great play, stated in the terms of the theatre, is somewhat like regarding a piece of statuary as a great piece of sculpture because the brush of a painter has added to it the color of life. Such a statue might be a great work of art, in the sense that it combines the finest qualities of two of the arts, but it might be neither a great statue nor a great painting.

We admit this distinction readily enough in the case of opera. Richard Wagner attempted to fuse the arts of the drama and of music and, being unwilling to have his works spoken of as opera, solved the problem simply by calling them "music dramas." Under this name we are often willing to call them great works of art, with a general inclination to admit that the music is greater than the dramas themselves. But we do not say, for example, that Parsifal is a great play, although its interest and its emotional intensity are vastly heightened by the musical score. For this reason I think it is a great mistake and a distinct injustice to other dramatists to speak of Mr. O'Neill's combination of two separate arts as a great play—to call it possibly the greatest play produced by the American theatre. He has combined the arts of the novelist and the playwright and given us what, for want of a better description, we can only call a dramatic novel. And in this particular example, the element of the novel achieves higher and greater proportions than the element of the play, just as the music of Wagner achieves a greatness lacking in his dramas alone.

Certainly there can be no objection to creating this new form of expression, and when it is handled with the power and ruthless searching of O'Neill's mind, the resultant whole deserves presentation. But although the fusion of the arts can be a fine thing in itself, it is very misleading to assume that the separate arts have ceased to exist, or that henceforth no play can be truly great which does not make use of the art of the novel as well. The bald truth is that Mr. O'Neill has covered a great deal of second-rate playwrighting by some very intensive use of the novelist's privileges. In spite of certain obvious faults, Sidney Howard's The Silver Cord is a far finer play than the dramatic elements of Strange Interlude considered alone. Yet the final product of O'Neill's pen, provided you do not think of it solely as a play, is vastly more absorbing and exciting than anything Sidney Howard has written.

What O'Neill has really done is to take a rather morbid story of mediocre people and give it an almost universal importance by a careful side exposition of the motives, conscious and unconscious, that are guiding his characters. These asides are vastly more interesting than anything in the dialogue proper of the play. They touch upon experiences common to nearly all mankind. It is as if O'Neill were applying a sort of spiritual X-ray to the souls of his characters. To do this it is necessary for the characters, every few moments, to remain absolutely stationary and, in a tone quite different from the ordinary dialogue, speak out the truth which they are concealing from each other. A good actor would probably tell you that at least half of these concealed emotions could be expressed through gesture, or manner, or through the hundred and one tricks known to the artist. An actor might even make the suggestion that the play, with a little skilful rewriting of the main dialogue, could convey in conventional form everything which Mr. O'Neill has now placed in the asides. This, however, is rather unfair to Mr. O'Neill's intention and also to what he has actually accomplished. For in many of the asides Mr. O'Neill has made the characters reveal certain hidden depths of which they themselves are probably almost unconscious.

The human mind seems to work on at least three main levels—the thoughts it shares with the world in speech or writing, the private thoughts it reserves, and the deeper sources of action or feeling which it often strives to keep from its own consciousness because of the cruelty or the selfishness or the pride which they seem to reveal. The old-fashioned aside merely gave the audience the advantage of touching the second level. Mr. O'Neill's asides dive to the depths of the third level, the repressed thoughts, the unworthy emotions, the egotism, the pride or the possessiveness that so often stimulate us to apparently unaccountable action. It is this revelation of the semi-conscious or sub-conscious which constitutes Mr. O'Neill's unique achievement, and which will undoubtedly stand to many for the greatness of his play, whereas in fact it stands only for the keenness of his intuition as an analyst of human emotions and actions.

There is a great deal of Jung and a certain amount of Freud mixed up with the intuitions which are purely those of Mr. O'Neill. His explanation of the curious action of Nina Leeds would not find universal acceptance among all schools of modern psychology. We can imagine a cynical behaviorist remarking to himself, "Interesting if true." Thus when Nina's

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father dies, Mr. O'Neill assumes that the curious and unimpassioned love which she bestows upon the novelist, Charles Marsden, is a psychological transference of the love previously given to her father. On the other hand, this particular attachment might be explained on the ground that every human being desires at certain times the comfort of a love which does not ask too much in return. Or again, it might be said that Nina is merely exhibiting an automatic reaction from the intensity of her other emotional experiences. And so it is that throughout the play you have a hundred varied explanations for events, through motives which, while intensely interesting to unravel and often approaching universal truths, are so limited by a particular psychological creed as to lose much of their general importance. In some recent popular murder trials we were regaled with interpretations supplied by various schools of psychologists. Each one was interesting in its own way, but they often differed radically in their deductions from known facts. Mr. O'Neill's asides, then, vary greatly in importance according to the particular prejudices of the audience and according to which way you happen to account for the vagaries of human actions under given conditions.

The story of the play itself is comparatively simple. Nina Leeds is engaged to a young aviator who is killed. She might have married him but for the opposition of her father. She then decides to go into hospital nursing and gives her love promiscuously to various crippled soldiers in the belief that she is somehow making reparation to her dead hero. She discovers her mistake and marries Sam Evans, a likely young man with whom she believes she can lead a normal life undisturbed by any great passion. To her horror, however, she discovers there is a history of persistent insanity in the Evans family. Rather than bring another child of this tainted blood into the world, she destroys the life that is already started and, with the idea of satisfying Sam's craving for fatherhood, arranges to have a child by another man named Darrell. Sam, knowing nothing of this, and inspired by his sense of fatherhood, progresses rapidly in material things and becomes a highly successful business man, of rather mediocre mentality. Nina, in the meantime, has fallen in love with Darrell and years of her life thereafter are spent in trying to resolve the conflict between her love for him and her determination to make Sam Evans happy at all costs. The child grows up having a distinctive hatred for his own father and a genuine devotion for Sam Evans, his supposed father. During all of this time Charles Marsden, the novelist, has been always on hand, ready with comfort and unselfish devotion, but quite unable to inspire in Nina any more complete sense of love. In the end, Sam Evans dies from a stroke, Nina and Darrell find that the passion of their youth has gone, and Nina settles down in the sunset of her life in the tranquil companionship of Marsden, her son having left her to marry, in spite of her frantic efforts to hold him.

Nina is thus meant to typify in herself the possessive and absorbing type of woman who draws to herself, and involves in her own neurotic cravings, the lives of all she touches. It is not until the very end of her days that she fully relinquishes the desire to gather to herself every form of male love. The explanation which Mr. O'Neill affords by means of the asides to this curious human entanglement, is the outstanding interest of this obviously unpleasant theme. The Theatre Guild, as usual, has bestowed the utmost skill upon the production of this dramatic novel. Lynn Fontanne, in re-creating the character of Nina, has achieved a height of artistry quite beyond anything now current in the American theatre.

BOOKS

One View of the Matter

Immigration Crossroads, by Constantine Panunzio. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

AMERICA has grown into a snob, a parvenu, ashamed of its forbears, intolerant of reminders of their humble origin, impatient of their uncouth crudities and homely ways. Reading Dr. Panunzio's latest work on immigration it is thus that one is inclined to characterize our nation, once so proud to call itself the melting pot of the world, the sanctuary and refuge of the oppressed, the down-trodden and the unfortunate of other lands.

The author, to quote from the preface, "aims to set forth in broad outlines America's significance to the laborer of the old world, the contributions immigrants have made to the development of the United States, the changes in the attitude of the people of this country toward immigration, certain aspects of a possible constructive immigration policy and the international phase of the migration movement and of our restriction policy." A complete and adequate treatment of every one of the points enumerated would be impossible in a work comprising but 300 pages. Only one of the points is handled in a disappointing manner; but unfortunately it is the very one whose proper development would go far to provide a valid basis for intelligent sympathy with and a logical understanding of the author's main thesis, which may be formulated somewhat as follows: Because America feels that the non-British immigrant can no longer be of use to her she has, unwisely perhaps, practically barred his entrance.

If the non-British immigrant has really made a lasting and notable contribution to the upbuilding of America in the past it would appear logical to expect a continuation of the contribution—and hence unwise to cut off such a source of vital energy. To prove first the reality and extent of the contribution would seem in this case the logical procedure. This second point in the author's enumeration—"the contributions immigrants have made to the development of the United States"—however, is dismissed with a single page, quoted from Frederick Haskins, dealing with the percentage of immigrant workers in some of the leading industries of the United States. This is to fall into the very same pit which the opponents of immigration have dug for themselves—materialism. One is loath to admit that the European sneer at the American worship of the almighty dollar is entirely justified. To point out the share of those of immigrant stock in contributing to American art, literature, music, science and human welfare in general would seem to be as important as enumerating their purely material accomplishments and it would seem, too, not an impossible task.

The author treats well the old "asylum" tradition and sets forth clearly the different steps in the process of its gradual rejection from the Alien Act of 1798 to the proposed "National Origins" Act, which is still awaiting application, its promulgation having been postponed last summer for a year. In fact, reading between the lines, one would rather come to the conclusion that the old "asylum" tradition was in reality a myth, and this conclusion is surely more consonant with the colonial history of our land, interspersed as it is throughout with episodes of intermittent religious persecution, witch extermination and similar acts of superstition, fanaticism and intolerance. Immigrants were admitted to the colonies and to the republic not purely from the vaunted philanthropic motives predicated by the "asylum" tradition but rather on a simple "do ut des"

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principle of permitting them to enter in return for their labor. Dr. Panunzio tells us how Jefferson inveighed against immigration in 1788; he cites the Alien Act of 1798; the Native-American movement of 1835; the Know-nothing movement, its successor, and the similar agitations that periodically succeeded them. He points out the high lights of the forty-year struggle to pass the literacy test. Vetoed by Cleveland and Taft and twice by Wilson, it finally passed over the latter's opposition and became law. Organized labor, the chief opponent of immigration, was not yet satisfied, but Wilson again used his veto in 1921. Harding was more acquiescent to their demands a few days after he assumed the Presidency, in approving the discrimination against eastern and southern Europeans, while the present President, on Good Friday, 1925, followed the latter's lead in approving the exclusion of the Japanese.

The author sees in the constant struggle to throttle immigration an attempt to change by positive law a movement of peoples which is in reality practically nothing but obedience to a natural law. He sums up the net result of the anti-immigration movement as (1) the northward immigration of the negro; (2) increased Mexican immigration; (3) a general rural to urban migration; and (4) an increasing tendency on the part of American capital to invest in foreign corporate securities. Of the imbecilities of the present quota law he cites instances, the most striking perhaps being the case of the candidate for naturalization who was rejected by the judge because his family was in Europe, while his application to be allowed to bring his family here was also rejected because he was not a citizen. Lack of space prevents more than a reference to the author's interesting discussion of the possibility of a constructive immigration policy.

Dr. Panunzio, though an immigrant himself, and speaking for the immigrant, is not without anti-alien prejudice on his own part. He hardly approves of the "large quota" allowed to the Irish, or of the non-quota status of Mexicans, basing his judgment on their contribution "to the total well-being." He enumerates a list of evils attributed, so he states, to the alien —insanity, race suicide (it would rather seem that the alien is objected to more precisely because of the opposite tendency) atheism, etc.—and includes the "evil" of parochial schools!

Though written by an immigrant who might be expected to show a natural resentment toward the quota law, the book is a calm and dispassionate presentation and an exceedingly interesting and thoughtful treatment of a moot question, clothed more in popular than in cumbersomely scientific dress, though its descent, on page 256, to the Walt Mason style of doggerel sentimentality is hardly to be commended.

GERALD SHAUGHNESSY.

Our Frontier Cyrano

Andrew Jackson: An Epic in Homespun, by Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

CLEMENT FALCONER, or the Memoirs of a Young Whig, printed at Baltimore by N. Hickman in 1838, sketches the conversion of a young aristocrat of western Maryland, after bitter controversy and savage duels with his best friends, to conviction of the sincerity and soundness of "Old General Screamer," the frontier warrior, the leader of the social revolution, the opponent of almost everything for which the aristocratic oligarchy stood which had carried the new republic through its formative period and set its feet upon the path to nationhood.

Mr. Johnson, the author of this new life of "Old Screamer," calls him a Cyrano de Bergerac in homespun. It is not at all a bad comparison. It is quite likely to be true that, as he says, some of Andrew Jackson's eccentricities came from "a handicap that was the equivalent of Cyrano's nose. Like the Frenchman's unfortunate feature, it was a fact that could not be denied, and the circumstance that he knew no evil impulse on his part had caused it only exacerbated his rage when it was mentioned. But after one man had died violently at his hands for the reason, as all the world believed, that he had talked loosely, men became cautious. None but would-be suicides said "nose" to Cyrano or "adultery" to Andrew Jackson —for Jackson, in the isolation of frontier life, had married the lady of his heart, his Rachel who was the romance of his whole life, his model of womanhood and wifely partnership, two years before her divorce from her worthless husband, a divorce which there is no honest reason to suppose that both had not believed to have taken place before they married. That flaw in the armor of a man whose iron will and stark courage was bound to make many enemies, was used by them for the rest of her life. The author claims that in his long list of duels it was always that, and that only, which made him the terrible, cold-blooded killer he became.

To quote further: "The man is a popular hero in the strictest sense of the word. He is a hero of the people . . . . Remote precincts today are described by political workers as places where they are still voting for Andrew Jackson. The people still delight in the legends of his prowess, of his lurid language, of his imperious and dictatorial temper. The tale of his usurpations does not appall them, but delights them, for Americans have always loved a masterful man. If Jackson's spiritual heir should appear now, there is every reason to believe America of the twentieth century would hail him as rapturously and follow him as blindly as it hailed and followed the hero a hundred years ago." Jackson "rescued" America. He broke the oligarchy; he overthrew the aristocracy. He extricated "the people" from the "strangling control of the money octopus." He "went to war so fast that the war could not keep up" and "won the war after the war was over"—he did, in fact, by defeating British picked troops outnumbering him two to one, restore American self-respect which had utterly vanished, for the War of 1812 showed a depth of anarchy and degradation in American affairs which it is not pleasant to think about.

And yet, to the "man of the people," scorching in his profanity, killer that he was, such men as Livingston of New York, in all things an aristocrat, was a devoted friend, as was his wife, Cora Livingston, a very great lady, to Jackson's homespun Rachel. Fanny Kemble, who certainly knew a man and a gentlemen, said of him that his manners "were perfectly simple and quiet, and therefore, very good." "Old Hickory," who also knew a man when he saw one, said to Bishop Dubois, the Sulpician bishop of New York, that he was the most perfect gentleman he had ever met.

I confess to a great liking for the romantic style of historical treatment when it can be used safely. In Jackson's case it can, for Mr. Johnson's subject is one of the most romantic figures America ever produced, and he has used it with uncommon skill. Cyrano is a good figure of comparison, but there comes into my mind also that best of all John Buchan's good tales, The Path of the King, in which he claims that genius is a divine spark, overlaid oftentimes for generations by the ashes of the world, to smolder, however, and some day break into clear flame to warm and illumine when the world needs it most.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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The Dead Czarina

The Tragic Bride: The Story of the Empress Alexandra of Russia, by V. Poliakoff. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

ALTHOUGH the author of this book was not closely associated with the Russian court as its publishers claim, his work is a very interesting and instructive one, even if it tells us nothing a student of modern Russian history did not know before. But it treats in a very respectful and sympathetic manner of a much criticized and abused personality, and puts the late Empress Alexandra of Russia in a true light before the public, without excusing any of "the glaring faults she committed, with their tragic results." As the author says, it is difficult to say a word in her defense, but the views generally held as to her personal ambition ought to be dispelled. Her ideas were wrong, her methods were wrong likewise, but she was terribly punished for them during her lifetime, and as Mr. Poliakoff very justly remarks, "Russia has no right to consider itself the victim of Alexandra Feodorovna. It was the latter who was the victim of Russia."

When attempting to pass judgment on the last Russian czarina, there is one fact that must never be lost sight of. She was not normal, had, in fact, never been normal, or well-balanced in her judgments, and her correspondence with the czar proves it conclusively. Her supreme misfortune was that she had to live in times which were not normal, when human passions were excited to the limit, and when her own unbalanced mental condition made her an easy prey for every clever adventurer or adventuress she found on her path, and in addition compelled her to fight against people just as unbalanced as she was herself, although from different causes and motives. Alexandra's hysteria found itself confronted by that of an entire nation, and being the weaker of the two, she had to succumb in this unequal struggle.

That the Empress was sincere in all her actions this book confirms, that she remained all through her sad existence a pure woman, with a very noble character, has already been established beyond a doubt. But in her way she was a destroyer, just as Rasputin had been one, just as Lenine was to prove himself another. In fact everybody was destroying something in Russia during the last twenty-five years of the rule of the Romanoff dynasty. There is one thing which Mr. Poliakoff's book proves, and this is the danger, the great danger, of sovereign consorts mixing themselves up with politics. If Alexandra had contented herself with playing the part of a popular empress, smiling on everybody, and saying sweet and amiable things upon every possible occasion, she might have escaped the opprobrium in which, toward the last, she came to be held, not only by the Russian artistocracy she had never made a secret of disliking, but also by the entire Russian nation, whom she shocked in its preconceived ideas as to what a czarina ought to be. By a curious anomaly she tried to be modern while showing herself mediaeval. She introduced plumbing in the imperial palaces, while succumbing to superstitions worthy of the middle-ages. She had, all through her reign, one foot in that dark Térem where the wives of the old Muscovite czars had been kept confined, and the other in a world full of advanced ideas, which she hated even when she had to conform to them. She ruined Russia, she helped to ruin the dynasty; she laid a sacrilegious hand on the throne upon which she hoped to see her beloved son sitting in imperial splendor. But she remained sincere all through her tragic career, and she paid with her life for her errors and mistakes. Mr. Poliakoff brings out these characteristics of the late Russian Empress in a very interesting manner, and he wisely does so with the help of her letters to her husband, and the latter's diaries and correspondence, and with as few commentaries of his own as possible, applying himself to the task of bringing forward the great love of Alexandra for her son and for the Emperor, a love which filled her whole existence and excuses many of her blunders. His is a very readable book in general, and a very interesting one at times. But it has been written too early to be considered as a real historical contribution to one of the saddest and most tragic stories in history. It will only be possible to pass a true judgment on the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, and the part she played in the Russian Revolution, after the publication of all the secret documents now in the archives of the Kremlin; and for very good reasons the Soviet government is not in any hurry to give them out to a critical and criticizing world.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Christ and the Forest

The Axe, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

FROM Kristin Lavransdatter to The Master of Hestviken, as Sigrid Undest's second trilogy is entitled, is only a short step, but the road goes through deep and almost oppressive gloom. The spirit of the North is a century younger here, closer to the pagan sources, less conscious of the imprint which Christian faith and law have set upon Europe. Olav Andusson is still half a viking, awed by his glimpses of the glory which flashes round chanting monks and sacramental benediction, but given to seize upon hate and love where he finds them. But having once taken, he cannot rid himself of the embrace insisted upon by a myriad tentacles, as is the way of all flesh. The union effected between him and Ingunn Steinfinnsdatter begins and continues outside the law. Not even the defection of this strangely impassive girl, who seems to represent woman not yet fully grown out of the old barbarous conceptions of slavery, can alter his life from what it inevitably has to be. Sin and redemption clash constantly in the first part of a sombre drama. How the story will be brought round to its conclusion remains to be seen. It is already evident, however, that Sigrid Undset has chosen from out the country of human mystery and imagination an admirable protagonist. This Olav is the most clearly and sympathetically drawn of all her men. He rises to the stature of Kristin herself, and in doing so touches, grips, stirs the heart.

I should like to say that the strong, utterly sincere, saga-like flow of this new book seems to me quite irresistible. It is not fastidious, reticent or even comely. But conceding that the dark hue of the water contrasts a little starkly with our brighter climate, it does come straight down through history with the torrent of human life. It does honestly indicate what a tremendous thing the age-old struggle between Christ and the forest has been—and it does remind us of what the job is today. Those whom the vision appalls had probably better go look at something else. But I think that many will come away from it shaken by words which compel as only the great words of Christendom can compel: "In the cup which our Lord was compelled to receive that evening in the Garden of Gethsemane, He had seen all the sin that had been committed and was to be committed on earth from the creation of mankind to the last judgment day, and all the distress and misery that men had caused to themselves and others thereby. And since God

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had suffered, because of the suffering her own fault would bring her, she too would desire to be punished and made to suffer. She saw that this was a different suffering from any she had endured hitherto; that had been like falling from rock to rock down a precipice, to end in a bottomless morass—this was like climbing upward, with a helping hand to hold, slowly and painfully; but even in the pain there was happiness, for it led to something. She understood now what the priests meant when they said there was healing in penance."

These passages of sorrowing, sacred music are not the whole book. They are even small portions of the book. Yet it is probably in them that the leitmotif of the trilogy must be sought, however completely they may seem to be drowned out by the melodies of adventure and battle. The Undset story is always concerned with self-conquest rather than with victorious or tragic coming-to-grips with others. And one feels that the individual character of this novelist is essentially her understanding of the truth that in carrying out this business of triumph over self, men learn the laws and resources of another world, higher and more everlasting than this earth. Because she is an artist she is, however, never carried too far afield in the service of symbolism. The picture remains firm in its frame, crowded with figures real as living folk, unsoftened by sentimentalism but made clear in the light of a charity that has been learned in a pilgrimage through the dark.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Darwin Unspotted

Charles Darwin: The Man and His Warfare, by Henshaw Ward. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

HERE is a handsome, well-printed and illustrated work, written by a man with a facile and pleasing pen and a really great knowledge of the subject which he is treating, which is largely spoiled by undue partisanship. One may, perhaps should, love one's hero, but that need not cause us to think that all his opponents were either idiotic or deliberately dishonest. And he should be painted "warts and all" like Cromwell, that is, the whole truth should be told about his position. We can make a present of Bishop Wilberforce to Mr. Ward, for he was one of the most typical of the "court bishops" who are bred from time to time in the Established Church in England. He resembled Bishop Barnes of today in one respect, that, being a mathematician he supposed himself a competent judge of all science, and he had a good opinion of himself. In the historic battle at Oxford he laid himself open to the severe thrashing which he received from Huxley—richly deserved and well laid on.

But to write of "creatures like" Gladstone and Owen is to offend against true perspective, even against good taste. The former would have done better to keep out of this as of other controversies where he was no authority. But to write of him in contemptuous language, such as that quoted, is to render oneself ridiculous. The same might be said of Owen for at the time of the conflict that distinguished man was the greatest living morphologist, with the possible exception of Johannes Mueller, and occupied a far higher position in the biological world than did Darwin. Much the same might be said of Mivart, another of Mr. Ward's villains, who as a morphologist was in the first rank in his day and whose shockingly unjust treatment by Huxley is one of the things which causes admirers, like the present reviewer, of that really great man, to blush for him. One wonders what is the good of reviving these bygone conflicts which did not greatly redound to the credit of any of those engaged in them. Let it be noted that though the title speaks of "the man and his warfare," Darwin himself, the gentlest and most kindly of men, had little active part in any of these rows. Huxley was the real "scrapper"; he adored, as he admitted, a "shindy," and anyone who, like the present reviewer, has seen him striding through his laboratory with a face like a British bulldog scenting his foe, would have no difficulty in summing up his character. Huxley was always sure that he was right—and very often he was—but there were times when he was altogether wrong, as for example over Bathybius—where he owned up honorably and gracefully—and over the Catholic Church and its attitude toward evolution—where he didn't.

Mr. Ward is fond of talking of those who opposed Darwin as "heretics," forgetting that when Darwin put forward his views it was he who was the heretic. Forgetting, too, or at least not telling his readers that of "heretics" today there is no lack. In common with his hero the author will have nothing to do with Lamarck, whom he regards as worthy of nothing but contempt; but there are quite a number of very distinguished persons today who think better of Lamarck's views than they do of Darwin's. Again, what of the Mendelians? We do not hear much of them though Bateson is mentioned. But we are not told that he—the most original and prominent figure in the biological world during the past quarter of a century—said that, though we must go to Darwin always for his splendid catena of facts, as a philosopher he was as extinct as Lucretius. One thing is sure: if the full demand of the modern Mendelians, though not of Mendel himself, is conceded, there is an absolute end of natural selection. Orthogenesis is now a favorite theory with a number of biologists and in so far as it differs from Lamarckianism, which is not far, it is quite against all Darwin's contentions. It is not being claimed here that any or all of these opinions are more accurate than those of Darwin; what is claimed is that they are views held today by men of at least equal distinction with those who hold with the entire Darwinian creed. There is in one of the appendices a list of believers in natural selection, but no list of disbelievers or doubters, though one might be compiled without difficulty.

These things are an annoyance to the reader who is thoroughly familiar with the subject dealt with, but the reader who is not cannot be otherwise than misled. It is a pity that these criticisms have to be made for the book does give an excellent idea of Darwin's life; of what he did and of his own most gracious and lovable character. If the reader is on his guard as to the matters dealt with in this review, he will find himself deeply interested in reading it.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

More Wheat than Chaff

Creative Education, by Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

ANYONE who issues a book inevitably challenges comparison with previous books in the same field. And frankly, Osborn suffers by the comparison, for he has been unfair to himself. Other men writing of the means and ends of education have worked up a connected, unified treatment done all at one time. But Osborn's book is a patchwork of papers written for a great variety of audiences between 1891 and the present day. Some of the papers were commencement addresses at high schools, others were memoranda for a board of trustees, and still others were essays for somewhat technical journals,

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while there are one or two letters to newspapers. And although these papers have been arranged on a plan according to subject-matter, there is necessarily a certain lack of unity at the same time that there is considerable repetition.

In spite of these defects, however, there stands out from the pages the picture of a genial scholar, enthusiastic in the pursuit of new knowledge, an inspiration to his pupils, a lovable character.

The thesis of the book, as the title implies, is that the main end of education is "research," "production," "creation." Osborn is certainly right in maintaining that in the past too much emphasis was placed upon a mere memorizing of what had already been discovered. And, too, creative investigation may well be the end of some education, the result of education for some men.

But is Osborn right in insisting that all education should be directed toward this end? Newman in his Idea of a University (incidentally, a new edition for Catholic schools edited by Father Daniel O'Connell, S. J., has just been issued by the Loyola Press) takes rather a different view. And most people will feel inclined to agree that Newman's gentleman, even if he does not "produce" any poetry, or make a new classification of fossil fish, or discover a new element, may, nevertheless, be an educated man.

However, even those who disagree with Osborn's main contention will welcome many of his incidental assertions. "I have gradually come to believe," he writes to the New York Times, "that free education is greatly overdone." Is it not good for our self-satisfaction to be told, "while expenditure has increased a thousandfold, the average intellectual output has remained the same or has retrogressed since the time of Abelard and may even have retrogressed since the time of the cave man"? And will not a great many city-dwellers sympathize with his lament, "the children of science—the telegraph, steam and electrical transportation, the press—have become the greatest enemies of pure science, for they have produced a social and material environment utterly without repose"?

J. Elliot Ross.

A Lady of Ireland

Emily Hickey, Poet, Essayist, Pilgrim: A Memoir, by Enid Dinnis. London: Harding and More, Limited. 7/6.

ONE of the rarest and loveliest personalities in English literature is the subject of an appreciative brochure written by Enid Dinnis in token of affection and admiration. Emily Hickey, Poet, Essayist, Pilgrim: A Memoir gives us just the exact characterization and sufficient story of this poet whose song Belovéd, It Is Morn, is known and loved wherever the English language is employed in speech or song. Miss Dinnis relates that this poem was the verbal setting asked for his music by a friendly composer who insisted that the vowel sound of "e" should be eliminated as far as possible. Yet the success of Emily Hickey's text was gained in spite of a final "me" and "thee" at the end of every stanza.

It will surprise many readers to learn that Emily Hickey was born in 1845 of an Irish Protestant family, the Hickeys of Macmine Castle, Wexford: her father the Irish parson, William Hickey, and her mother of the Scottish family of the Stewarts of Stewart's Lodge, Carlow—a distinguished ancestry of which Emily Hickey was proud, even if she refrained from signing herself Emily Newton-King Hickey. Her educators regarded Shakespeare as marred by Elizabethan coarseness and it was not until her later years that she entered freely

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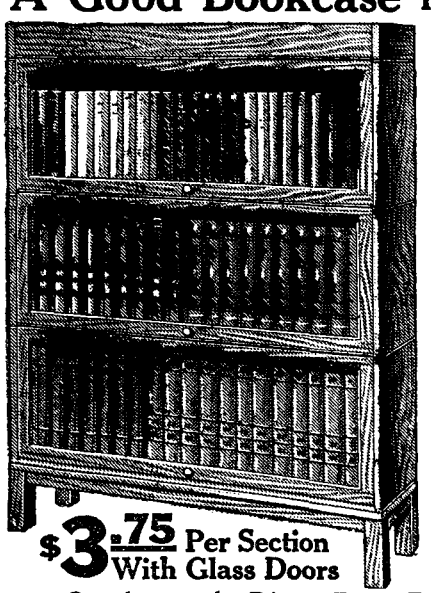

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into the literary heritage of our speech. Miss Dinnis has much to tell us of Emily's love of Ireland and her natural affinities to Catholicity which resulted, after years of wandering and indefinite aspirations, in her entering the Church in 1901.

"To the end of her days," writes Miss Dinnis, "Emily remembered that she had once belonged to the Anglo-Catholic party, and in a sense she identified herself with any charges brought against it. She extended her sympathy to the 'separated brethren' as one understanding. The deeper she penetrated into the wonders of her 'great and beautiful inheritance,' the more intense was her sympathy with those who had not passed through the gateway leading to a 'large place.' "

The literary glories of her earlier years were gradually withdrawn from her: her devotion to Catholic truth and Catholic forms seemed to alienate her early admirers, and she passed into a saintly retirement, yet deeply appreciated by the Catholic leaders in England and their brethren in the United States in the Ave Maria and the Catholic World. The books of her period of faith call for their proper appreciation to Catholic readers of poetry—they are: Later Poems; Thoughts for Creedless Women; Lois, a Novel; and a wealth of her writings on historical, literary and devotional subjects may be found scattered among the publications of the Catholic Truth Society and the Catholic magazines.

A poet of such exquisite emotion and fancy, so lofty in her ideals, so gentle and loving in her moods, should not be passed by in our raucous world without the generous recognition due to her genius and her virtues.

THOMAS WALSH.

Adventurers All

Oasis and Simoon, by Ferdinand Ossendowski. $3.00; Life and Laughter 'midst the Cannibals, by Clifford W. Collinson. $5.00. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Oriental Encounters, by Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Adventures in Arabia, by W. B. Seabrook. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $3.00.

IN THE first of these four books, Oasis and Simoon, Dr. Ossendowski, of Men, Beasts and Gods fame, entertains us again. Journeying through Algeria and Tunis Dr. Ossendowski enters hovels and palaces, talks with beggars and princes, penetrates remote corners of the Sahara and hunts in the mountains of Kabilia. Everything is discriminatingly touched on, religion, native superstitions and customs, scenery, history ancient and modern. And the book furnishes romantic reading. By the beautiful Catholic cathedral of modern Carthage our author dreams of the mysterious temples of Baal and Astoreth-Tanit that once stood there in the city of Dido and Salammbô.

In Life and Laughter 'midst the Cannibals, Mr. Collinson recounts, even to small domestic details, the life of a copra trader in the British Solomon Islands. The book is a pleasing and, one feels, truthful presentation of conditions in this lovely group of South Sea islands. The most interesting thing about it, however, is the unconscious self-portrait the author has achieved. He emerges, solid and matter-of-fact and doggedly cheerful under all conditions, the type of British subject whose determined jokes and wholesome puns have contributed to the calumnies which surround that fair flower, the English sense of humor.

Marmaduke Pickthall in Oriental Encounters relates anecdotes of his youth spent in the near East. In 1849, when very young, he went to Syria. There, against the advice of English residents of the country, he makes friends with the natives, buys a servant from the Turkish army and accepts the services of a witty dragoman called Suleyman as guide, philosopher and friend. He goes on leisurely jaunts all over Syria, accepted everywhere by the natives because he approaches them as equals instead of inferiors. A wise book, full of insight into the eastern mind.

Mr. Seabrook's Adventures in Arabia is another travel and adventure book of the East. Through a friendship made in Greenwich Village with an Arab, Mr. Seabrook is later treated like a brother when he visits the tribes of the desert. His excursions among the Druses and Bedouins are entertaining, and there are some seventy or eighty illustrations.

HERBERT FORBES DAWSON.

Briefer Mention

Little Henrietta, by Lizette Woodworth Reese. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

WHAT flowers shall one bring to the grave of a little girl? It would be interesting to see how the poets have answered from the beginning. All manner of blossoms and of sweet-smelling but simple flowers; buds to which some rain still clings; and, perhaps, a single fair white rose. Equally fine and significant must be the memories, for after a child we cannot send wide-traveled or weary thoughts. Miss Reese's exquisite elegy for a little girl, "dark, honied, gay, all gleam of cloud and pool," abides by all the delicate principles of understanding. One does not often think of lyric sequences as wholly human things; they are usually too introspective or passionate for that. But Little Henrietta grows and dies away as the most genuine of our common emotions do, against a background of nature and hope, of feeling and experience. Perhaps the truest proof of Miss Reese's art is the sureness with which her narrative rises from the thousand joys and sorrows of here-and-now consciousness to the everlasting Allellujah. Yet the details are themselves notable, keeping to a level of gracious perfection. A poet whose mastery is so deft and whose emotions are so vibrant has her own sure place in the life-story of American art.

Libica, by Henry F. Borgmann. New York: The Universal Knowledge Foundation. Ten cents.

ONE of the general defects in educational systems is the neglect to provide students with a proper working knowledge of how to use the reference libraries. Some educators, in fact, have recommended a special course by their pupils in the methods of using dictionaries, so as to ascertain facts and trace authorities in the most direct and satisfactory manner. Father Henry F. Borgmann, C. SS. R., has prepared, primarily for the use of pupils in junior, high, seventh and eighth grade schools, a syllabus or key which after the first syllables of the words liturgy, Bible, and cathechism, is called "Libica." Libica inculcates a religious and moral rule of life in a most simple and efficient system, building on the outlines of the Church year and coördinating all Christian doctrine along its main line, marking where the mysteries of faith are celebrated on the great feasts, and where fast and penance are to be practised. The system embodies a catechetical instruction, based upon the abridged missal; The Mass, by Reverend J. J. Wynne, S. J.; The Bible; and the Catholic Encyclopedia. It provides a valuable key to a very well constructed program of studies.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Speaking of visitors to our country recalls to me some incidents not quite so pleasant as the sojourn here last week of my Aunt Euphemia and her friend, Lizzie; in fact, Britannicus, I feel that we have some grievances against a number of our guests from beyond the seas. Perhaps they come to me forcibly this afternoon because of my receipt of a communication from the lecture agency with whom our little literary club has been making arrangements to hear the views of the distinguished poet, philosopher and scientist, the Dean of Worthington. You know he has been here for some weeks, heavily featured in the newspapers and news films. Now my sad experiences some years ago, when the great Cecil Bloomsbury sailed away with all my early English editions, leaving heavy bills for tobacco and cordials at my club; my disgruntlement at the Abbé des Fleurs who became my guest, and when my pastor and some of the ladies of our parish came around to my house, barricaded himself in the bathroom and refused to come out until dinner was announced—have made me impatient, not to say intolerant, of these stars that wander so loosely across our firmament.

"But I must say that never before today have I so bluntly been given orders how to entertain, nourish and foster genius as in the letter of instructions from the Trolleberg Lecture Agency, which leaves no point untouched regarding the sensibilities of our expected lecturer, the haughty Dean of Worthington. As it may serve as a guide to all the literary clubs of America in their treatment of the European celebrities who come to speak in their cities and make things more comfortable for reception committees as well as for these peregrinating geniuses themselves, I shall read you the text verbatim:

"'The following official directions will help you to understand the Dean of Worthington's preferences better than anything else:

"'He is a charming and fascinating guest as long as his wishes are considered, but when they are disregarded he becomes upset and this reacts on his speaking ability.

"'The Dean dislikes sightseeing.

"'He dreads his room overheated.

"'He never attends theatres, concerts or the like.

"'He never attends afternoon or tea parties.

"'He would like to walk from two to four hours a day away from the heart of the city.

"'He never sees anyone later than six hours before a lecture.

"'He *must have* a lectern or pulpit on the platform to keep his material on.

"'He does not dine before a lecture. However, half an hour before he is to go on the platform he would like to have served a strong cup of coffee and a sandwich of roast beef or chicken (white meat).

"'He is nervously and physically exhausted after finishing a lecture. If he is to meet anyone after his lecture, he would enjoy doing so at somebody's home under the following conditions: he prefers to have an opportunity to change his clothes. Secondly, he is famished and must eat immediately after a lecture. Therefore he does not want to meet anyone unless he can have a sitting-down supper at which he will be served French wines or champagne. The champagne or French wine may be served to him in his room with a supper if it can't be served in public.

"'If he does not have to talk with anyone after his lecture, he does not need the wine or champagne, but he must have the supper. The following is a quotation from one of his letters

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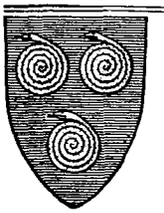
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to us: "Champagne is what helps me best to get over the nervous strain produced by a lecture. But if this can't be had, then good claret (French red wine) will do. I cannot stand German white wines and strong spirits like whiskey and short drinks." Later he said that he did not care for cordials.

"'He is delighted to attend dinner parties and luncheons to meet interesting people. He refuses to attend dinners with men only.

"'He cannot eat raw fruit, salad, vegetables, etc.

"'He eats no vegetables except potatoes (boiled or mashed).

"'He cannot eat ice cream or sweets, and nothing heavy or spicy.

"'He lives chiefly on fresh fish and fresh oysters, dozens of them on the half-shell, and beef, lamb and white meat of fowl.

"'He enjoys riding in an open motor when possible. He loves fresh air and lots of it, and enjoys the cold.

"'The Dean weighs two hundred and twenty pounds and is six feet three inches in his stockings. His bed should be of comfortable length.

"'He has absolutely no geographic sense. It would appear that he would be lost in his own home. He becomes extremely nervous with fear of not being met at the station when he arrives. He must be taken to the station and placed inside his Pullman or parlor chair-car. The Pullman conductor or train conductor should be spoken to about the Dean of Worthington. Please do not trust this to the colored porter. He is helpless as far as tickets, baggage, etc., are concerned.

"'He enjoys very much being in the company of young people—providing girls or women predominate.

"'The following are suggestions for a late supper after lectures:

Nothing fried.

Beef, lamb or other fresh meat served hot or cold in generous portion.

If possible, a dozen raw oysters on the half-shell—but only if fresh ones can be secured.

Mashed potatoes and cheeses.

"'Immediately upon his arrival, will you inquire as to whether you can take care of his laundry for him, and only take it providing the laundry can return it to him within the time of his appointed stay in the city?'"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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